WEEK ENDING JAN. 10 1925

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Beginning: **WHITE PANTS WILLIE** *By Elmer Davis*

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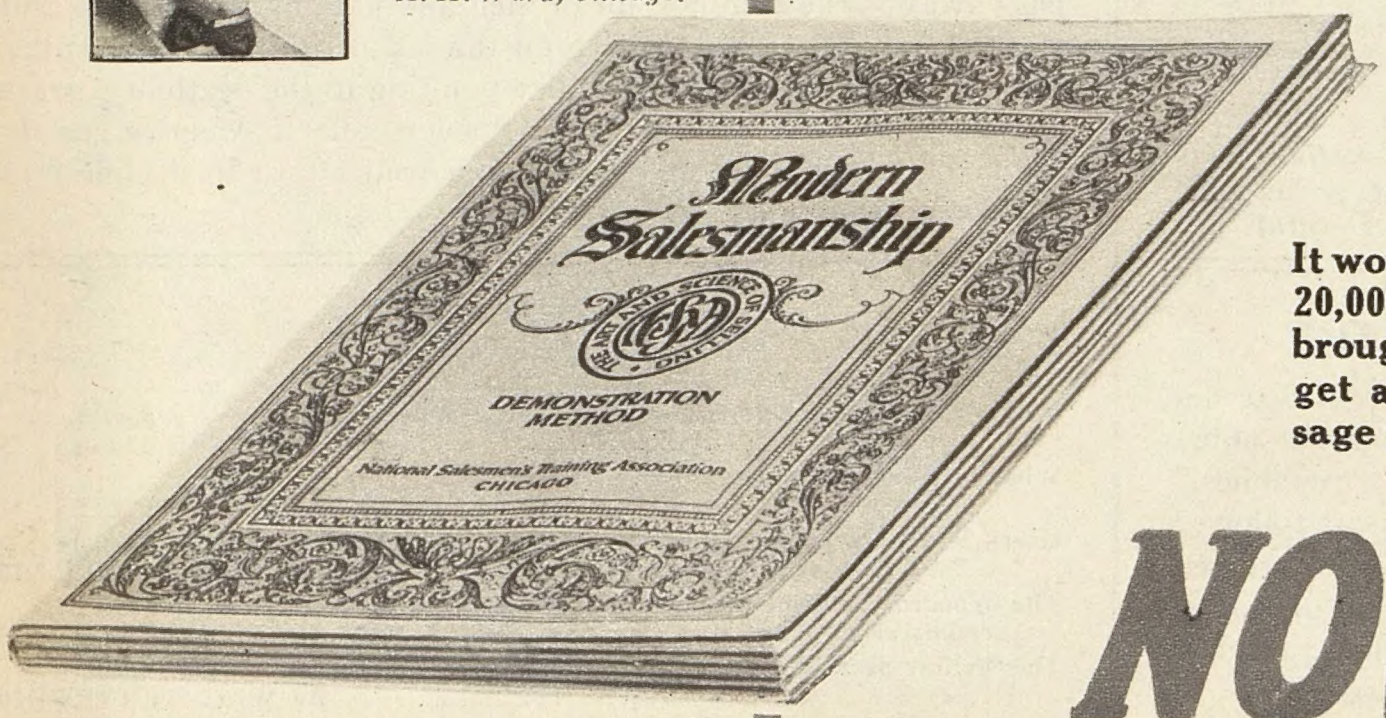

What This Amazing Book Did for These 8 Men

It would be just as easy to tell the same story about 20,000 men—even more—but what this book brought these eight men is typical. If you do not get a big salary increase after reading this message you have no one to blame but yourself. This amazing book is

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"After ten years in the railway mail service I decided to make a change. My earnings during the past thirty days were more than $1.000.

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$554.37 in One Week

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"The very first month I earned $1,000. I was formerly a farmhand."

Charles Berry, Winterset, Iowa.

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"I want to tell you that the N. S. T. A. helped me to a good selling position with the Shaw-Walker Company."

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$10,000 a Year

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IT seems such a simple thing—but the eight men on this page who did this simple thing were shown the way to quickly jump from deadly, monotonous routine work and miserable earnings to incomes running anywhere from $5,000 to $10,000 a year.

They Sent for the Book, "Modern Salesmanship," That You Can Now Get—Free

Possibly it is just as hard for you at this moment to see quick success ahead as it was for A. H. Ward, Chicago. When he was a soldier in France, he hated to go back to small pay. And $1,000 a month seemed a million miles away. But read what happened after he had read the book we want you to send for. Almost overnight, as far as time is concerned, he was making real money. Last month he earned $1,350.

There is nothing unusual about Mr. Ward, or about his success. Thousands after reading this book have duplicated what he did—Mr. Ward simply was willing to investigate.

The only question is—do you want to increase your earning power? If so—this book will quickly show you how to do it in an amazingly easy way.

Success Inside Twenty Weeks

There is no long, drawn-out wait after you have sent for this book before you begin to do as the men on this page did. Within twenty weeks you can be ready to forge ahead. This may sound remarkable—but after seventeen years of intensive investigation the National Demonstration Method has been perfected—and this means you can now step into a selling position in one-fourth the time it formerly took to prepare for this greatest of all money-making professions.

Men in every walk of life have made this change — farmers, mechanics, bookkeepers, ministers—and even physicians and lawyers have found that Salesmanship paid such large rewards and could be learned so quickly by this new method that they preferred to ignore the years they spent in reading law and studying medicine and have become Master Salesmen.

Simple as A B C

There is nothing remarkable about the success that men enjoy shortly after they take up this result-securing system of Salesmanship training. For there are certain ways to approach different types of prospects, certain ways to stimulate keen interest—certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudice, outwit competition and make the prospect act. Learn these secrets and brilliant success awaits you in the selling field.

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I will accept a copy of "Modern Salesmanship" with the understanding that it is sent me entirely free.

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JAN. 10, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WELL—WHAT ABOUT ROME?

A candidate for the Presidency in the late election was depicting the United States as trampling upon the weak but noble peoples of Haiti, Santo Domingo, and the isthmian "republics," as some joker has called them, and his peroration was as follows:

"We have sown the seeds of future wars. We have started on that course of empire which ended in the destruction of Rome, in the destruction of Spain, in the destruction of Germany, and in the all but destruction of France and Great Britain as well."

How often we've heard that or something like it before, especially of Rome! You would think Rome had been the most unfortunate and miserable of nations, the outstanding example of human failure. "Beware," says the orator, "of imperialism. Look at Rome, and beware."

Well, let us look at Rome. Rome rose through imperialism not merely to rule the world for six centuries but to carry progress and enlightenment wherever her eagles settled. Our civilization is the grandchild of Rome, which not only was the empire of the world but created the law and administration of a considerable part of the fabric of civilization today. Her contribution to human progress is unsurpassed and perhaps unequaled. But the anti-imperialist harps only on decline and fall.

We'll agree with these orators that if Rome had not been a great empire, had not "followed a course of empire," she could not have declined and fallen. She would have got nowhere to decline and fall from. The Samnites do not figure in oratory for their decline and fall, nor the Parthians, contemporaries of Rome. The Romans might have refused to follow a course of empire and remained in their first huddle of huts on the muddy banks of the Tiber. They might have been and would have been swallowed up by some other people that was making the fatal mistake of conquering the world. They would not then have "declined and fallen." They would merely have disappeared from the world's memory like numberless nameless tribes unknown to the orator.

As for Spain, her great hour was her imperial hour when her banners waved over far archipelagoes and her rule gathered to her proud cities and rich provinces. She might have remained a minor power on the Iberian Peninsula, divided, distracted, overrun, a match for Morocco. She might have kept clear of imperialism and never been more than she is now. What Spaniard would wish that?

The Prussians made an empire. They might have remained in the sandy reaches of East Prussia, a petty kingdom. Germany might have remained a collection of states, detached and exploited and overrun. These states became an empire, and are an imperial republic today, and the World War was less destructive to it than the Thirty Years' War which wiped out a third of the German people of that age. Germany was no empire when that catastrophe befell her. As for France, another imperial republic, and the British Empire, have the great epochs of their power, their "course of empire," written the glorious pages of their histories or the periods of their weakness?

The Romans might have refused to follow a course of empire and clung to their seven hills. But they were a great people, a race of genius, and their Rome, imperial republic and empire thereafter, was the chief source of European civilization down to this day. We suggest to our passionate Jeremiahs that this achievement was worth the price. It is true, mighty Rome passed. Everything living dies. Everything human that rises declines. To pass away is the common lot of men and nations, of empires and wayside villages. But to harp on the fall of Rome as a warning against the course of empire is like pointing to the death of a great man as a warning against great achievement. If America can do for mankind what Rome did, she can well afford to decline and fall when her day comes.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Disfigured in the Quest of Beauty!

A STARTLING article awaits those who think they would like to have their faces remodeled by surgery. One of the many charlatans who have fastened themselves upon this legitimate development of medical science tells how he built up a roaring business, and what happened to his victims. His surprising revelations begin next week.

STEPHEN AVERY
Author of
The Happy Hunting Ground

Then there's the story of a French girl who wanted a rich husband—or thought she did. "Marriage," her mother told her, "is not a lottery. It is a luxury." So Felice came to America to restore the family fortunes. When she really fell in love exciting things happened. *Stephen Avery* tells the tale in a lively short story called *The Happy Hunting Ground.* And there's a bully prize fight story called *The Palooka,* about a hard-boiled pugilist who mixed love with fisticuffs, and came to disaster.

January 10, 1925 LIBERTY Vol. 1, No. 36

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White Pants Willie

A New Serial

By ELMER DAVIS

The Story of a Young Man Who Found Love and Adventure in Dazzling, Money-Drunk Palm Beach

"Do you love me?" he demanded. No response.
"Do you love me more than that girl at Vernon?" she asked presently.

Pictures by
C. D. WILLIAMS

THE CAST AS THE CURTAIN GOES UP

WILLIE BASCOM, a small town boy, loveable, true-blue, desperately eager to make himself a Somebody. With an imagination fired by visions of the Outer World, as seen in the movies, he defies all the traditions of Sloanestown, his birthplace, by sporting a malacca cane and wearing trousers white as snow.

JUDY WITT, Willie's mild, wholesome, convention-bound sweetheart, whose life philosophy is expressed in the words: "Sloanestown's good enough for ME." She fears Willie's dreams, and is shocked by his daring white trousers, the symbols of his revolt.

TURPIE WITT, Judy's father, and cashier in the bank where Willie works. He is envious of Willie's youth, shocked by his "fool ideas," and full of a fear that the boy will, one day, take both his daughter and his job.

LUKE MULLEN, the teller of the bank, who thinks Turpie is too hard on the boy.

"MA" LYDIG, the motherly keeper of Willie's boarding house, and his one haven of sympathy in a hostile town.

MOCK EPPLEY, a garage hand, Willie's arch-tormentor; profane, whisky drinking, big as a horse and tough as nails.

Garage helpers and dwellers in Sloanestown.

WILLIE BASCOM was dreaming—dreaming with wide open, unseeing eyes. In the sound slumber of a healthy boy of twenty-three, he never dreamed; but it was a different matter on these sultry summer afternoons in the bank, when Turpie Witt, the cashier, and Luke Mullen, the teller, were balancing up for the day, and Willie had nothing to do but stay around till they had finished.

Perched on his stool behind the closed wicket, he stared out at the shabby Main Street of Sloanestown, drowsing in the soggy heat of late August afternoon. But he didn't see Main Street; his soul was in Chicago.

The astral body of Willie Bascom was walking down Michigan Boulevard in a blue serge coat and white flannel trousers, lifting a straw hat in greeting to a lady whose costume was splendid beyond the dreams of Sloanestown. Sloanestown would have recognized her face, however—the upturned nose and placid brown eyes of Judy Witt.

Judy Witt . . . Willie's thoughts drifted on as he lounged with unconscious grace, half hypnotized by the music of the adding machine behind him, a rhythmic recurrent click-click-click-click-click followed by a long grinding whirr. His soul was touring the world with Judy; but his body was motionless save

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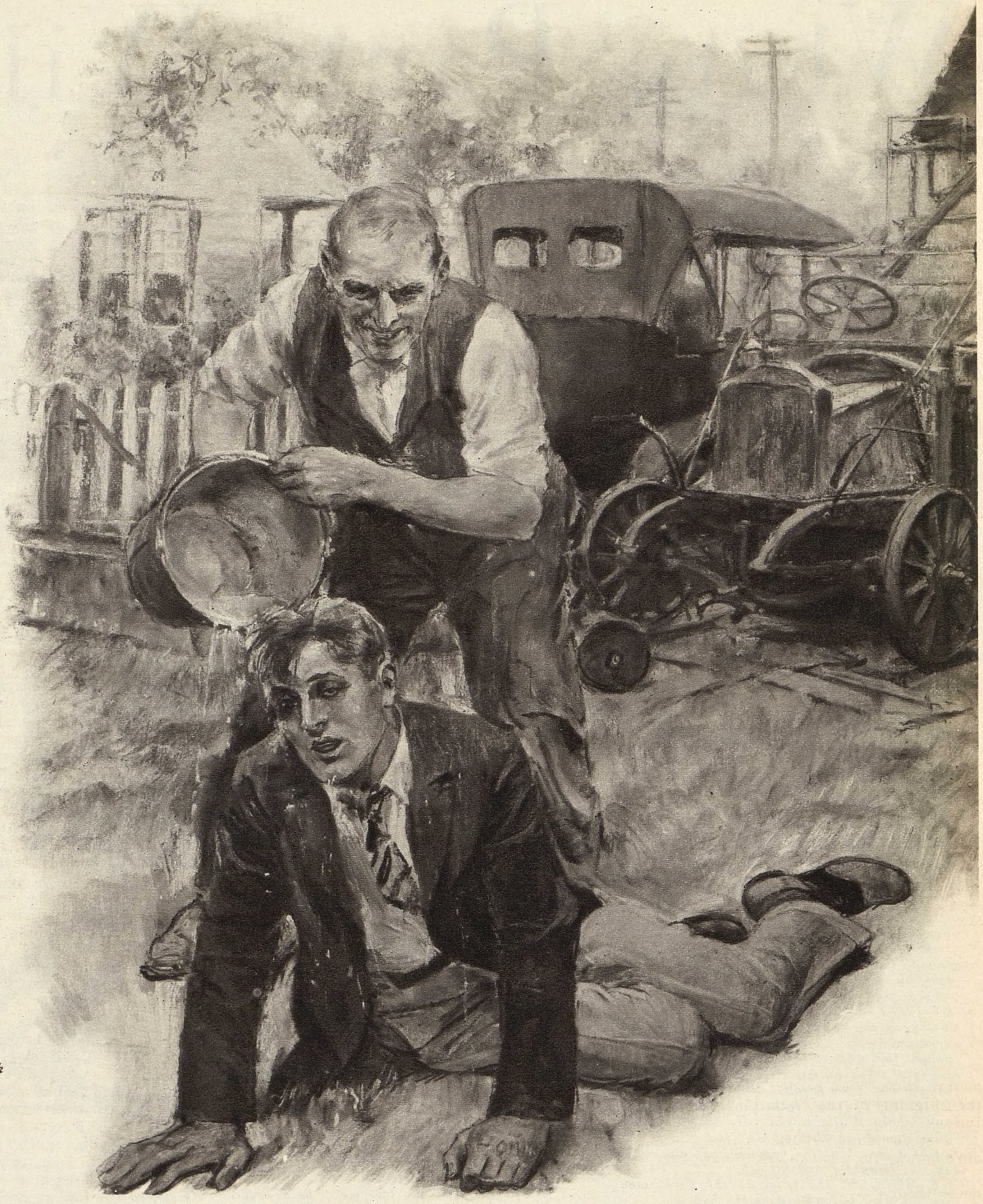

Everything turned black as Willie sprawled in the grass.

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for the hand that idly penciled curves and curlicues on a sheet of white paper.

"All right, Willie. You can go home now."

Still half dazed, he slid off his stool and looked into a lined and flabby caricature of the face of his dreams; it was something of a shock to be reminded that Turpie Witt was Judy's father.

"I hear you're comin' over to supper tonight," said Turpie, with no hospitality in his tone.

"Why, yes, Mr. Witt. Judy and I were going to the movies."

"Well, if you——"

Turpie Witt stopped, staring at the sheet of paper on which Willie's pencil had been writing automatically. It was covered all over with two names, repeated again and again; two names in wholly different handwriting—a formal, precise "Judy" and a flowing old school Spencerian signature with billowy curves and a swirling flourish at the end—"Ph. Charters."

"What you doin' there?" said Witt, with cold fierceness. "Don't you know that's Judy's signature—as good as she could sign it herself?"

WILLIE stared at it in uncomprehending horror.

"Why, I suppose it is," he admitted. "I wasn't thinking—wasn't trying to write it, I mean. I've copied it, just for a joke, when I was with her—it's so easy to copy. I—I used to copy Washington's signature on his

picture in the high school, and Hancock's on the 'Signing of the Declaration.' Just for fun——"

"Just for fun?" Turpie howled. "That ain't no way for a bank clerk to have fun."

"My gosh!" Willie gasped, paling. "I never thought——"

"I know you never thought," said Turpie Witt. "Don't need to tell me you never had a thought in your life. But you want to start thinking now or out of this bank you go—out and back to the garage where you come from. Think I want a forger in this bank?"

"Forger!" Willie's voice was suddenly hard and biting; his thin black eyebrows, arching above his thin olive face, rose higher, almost to a point.

"Yes, forger! How about that name of Charters? Ph. Charters?"

"Charters?" said Willie. "Why, I never heard of the man."

"Oh, you didn't? I suppose you don't know Philip Charters is a Chicago broker that we deal with now and then. Suppose you ain't seen his name on checks. Suppose you ain't gettin' ready——"

"I never saw one of his checks," said Willie, dazed. "I don't——"

"Here!" said Luke Mullen. "Maybe this will refresh your recollection, as they say in court."

From the desk on which Willie had been leaning he picked a stub of green pasteboard. All three of them read it together—"Not good after four and one-half innings have been played"—and then the flowing signature, "Ph. Charters."

"Why, I got that when I was in Chicago last week," said Willie. "I remember I was struck by the signature, but I didn't know I was imitating it."

"Charters owns the ball club," said Luke Mullen. "But he's also got checks comin' through this bank, so you better stick to your own signature."

"My gosh, yes," said Willie, nervously. "I didn't think——"

"Well, you better start thinkin' pretty soon," said Turpie Witt. "Just because you're a good dancer and got them black eyebrows, and you can strut around and be a sheik among the girls——"

"I'm *not* a sheik among the girls," Willie said fiercely. "You know I haven't looked at anybody but Judy since——"

"Well, I'm tellin' you now," said Turpie Witt, "that if I ever ketch you copyin' anybody's signature again you've looked your last look at Judy. It ain't a safe pastime for a bank clerk. You think that over between now and supper time."

THE screen door slammed behind Willie: Turpie Witt dropped down in his swivel chair and sat staring at the floor with the sudden depression of oncoming age.

"You're too hard on the boy," Luke Mullen ventured. "He just didn't think."

"He'll have to think if he wants to stay here," said Turpie. "Why did I take him out of the garage, anyway? Just because Mock Eppley was ridin' him and browbeatin' him and playin' jokes on him and he didn't have the nerve to fight back."

"He couldn't," said Luke. "Mock's been bullyin' him ever since he was a kid. Without any father and mother there was nobody to help Willie; and Mock's big as a horse and tough as nails. You done a good deed, Turpie, when you give him this job here."

"Good deed for him, maybe, but not for me. I done it because Judy wanted me to. She's like all the rest of 'em—falls for that flashy face of his, and the way he wears his clothes, and his impudence——"

"He's a good boy, Turp." Luke knew well enough what was the matter. Willie was too good—and he was young. Judy liked him; Judy had got him his job, but he had held it on his merits. Some day, inevitably, Willie would take Turpie Witt's daughter; at some later day, Turpie Witt's job. Turpie was getting old and resented the rise of his successor.

"He's got to get sense, though," said Turpie. "Won't have Judy marryin' a forger."

"He's square, Turpie. And anyway," Luke added, pacifically, "now we know what he done on that trip to Chicago. I never could get it out of him."

"Young fool!" Turpie snorted. "He told Judy all about it. If he'd gone to some nice boarding house and traveled on trolleys he could have stayed a week. But you know Willie. He had to put up at the Blackstone, where he could practice what he learned out of that book of etiquette he bought last winter. He rode around in a taxi all morning, and went to a ball game in the afternoon and a show at night; and next morning his money was all gone and he had to come back home."

"All gone?" asked Luke in horror. "Not the six hundred he got from his father's life insurance?"

"No, he's still got that in his savings account, but it ain't his fault. Before he come home he telegraphed me and wanted some of it, but I stood on the letter of the law and told him he'd have to send me a draft with his passbook. And, of course, he didn't have his passbook with him, so he had to come back home. Ain't that just like Willie?"

Already his anger was passing, giving way to the reluctant, half-humorous appreciation

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which cheerful Willie Bascom won from a great many people who liked him though they didn't approve of his ways.

"Mebbe he thinks he's too big for Sloanestown," Luke suggested.

"I reckon so. Just like Dudley Hills. Remember him? He'd have been cashier of this bank, instead of me, by this time, if he hadn't had them ideas. As it was, he went East and likely died of D. T.'s. Willie ain't a drinker, but he's got them ideas. And that's worse."

"He'll get over 'em," said Luke, consolingly.

"He'll have to," said Turpie, "before he marries Judy."

II.

WILLIE closed the bedroom door behind him and listened apprehensively. But Ma Lydig's boarding house drowsed in the hush of the hour before the preparation for supper; reassured against interruption, Willie dropped on his knees and dragged out from under his bed the new yellow suitcase that he had brought back from Chicago.

Almost prayerfully, he took out the contents—a pair of white flannel trousers, which had cost him a week's pay; white socks, black-and-white sport shoes, and a tie flowered in pale blue on a white ground. Then he reached under the bed again and brought out a glossy malacca stick. Willie looked at the outfit, almost reverently. It was really his, and there was nothing like it in Sloanestown.

Other small towns were accustomed to the habiliments of the gentleman, but Sloanestown played tennis in working clothes and golf not at all, and had only ridicule for the fuzzy silk hats and threadbare dress suits belonging to one or two residents of the older generation. It saw the outer world in the movies, heard it on the radio, then turned a resolute back on it and remained Sloanestown.

Willie hated the place—its hot, sticky dullness in summer, its raw winter squalor when alternating mud and ice ended and blended in slush, ankle-deep, cold and biting. Every winter, with the first snow, Willie dreamed of going away to Florida or California—some place he'd seen in the movies, where there were sunshine and palms. How he would get to these remote paradises, or keep alive in them, he didn't know; but he would have gone, before this, but for Judy Witt. And, as he couldn't go out into the world, he had resolved since that eye-opening trip to Chicago, to bring the world to Sloanestown.

Quickly he changed into this new and marvelous costume, put on his serge coat and his straw hat, and took the stick. He straightened up before the cracked mirror and looked in astonishment into the handsome olive face of a man of the world, wearing his worldly costume with what he recognized, even then, as instinctive grace and dignity.

SLOANESTOWN faded out and the Outer World rose before his eyes; not even Chicago, this time, but the world he had seen in the movies. . . . He lounged on the sands at Deauville, tapping his white trousers with his malacca stick. Before him a Parisian actress, industriously alluring, postured in a silk swimming suit; but his glance went past her to a Lady with upturned nose and placid brown eyes. . . .

On the terrace at Monte Carlo he paused to light a cigarette, while the Lady beside him, a Lady with upturned nose and placid brown eyes, adjusted the shoulder straps of her evening gown. . . .

Down the Lake Trail at Palm Beach he and Judy rode in a wheel chair, reading together the society column which announced that Mr. and Mrs. William Bascom of Sloanestown, Illinois—no, that wouldn't do—that Mr. and Mrs. William Bascom of Chicago had arrived for the season and were giving a dinner at the Everglades Club tonight. He laughed; she sighed through a smile, and her slim fingers closed about his. . . .

Slowly the Outer World contracted, concentrated, focused again on Sloanestown. Willie moistened his dry lips and wiped his wet palms. Mr. and Mrs. William Bascom . . . Judy had queer reserves. She let him kiss her whenever he wanted to, but never seemed to care whether he wanted to or not. She never saw him, as he saw her, through a golden haze. But these clothes ought to gild him up, ought to convince her that he was a man of the world.

It had been different when Willie worked at the garage and writhed under the endless persecutions of Mock Eppley, who was too big for him to have licked with an axe. Now he was in the bank and doing well. Tonight they would go to the movies together, and afterward, on the porch shaded by fragrant honeysuckle——

Willie went downstairs, tapping his white trousers with his malacca stick.

III.

"I'LL be out for supper," he called from the hall. Ma Lydig's slippered feet shuffled out of the cool recesses of the dining room, her voice preceding her.

"Goin' to the movies, Willie? There's a change of bill tonight——"

She appeared in the door; her voice died in a gasp.

"I—I bought some clothes in Chicago," Willie explained, feeling not at all like a man of the world. Ma Lydig adjusted her spectacles; the toneless voice ran on.

"I thought I wouldn't see this new film till tomorrow, there's always such a crowd the first night. Dudley Hills had a pair like them, I remember, back in ninety-four—or maybe it was ninety-three. He wore 'em to the World's Fair. Only his was duck and these is flannel, ain't they?

"You want to be careful how you cross oiled streets in them shoes. They didn't oil the streets in Dudley's time. My, he certainly looked fine with his pink shirt and a flower in his buttonhole, and them white pants. . . . But he took to drink."

"I won't do that," Willie promised, and sauntered out into the ordeal of Sloanestown.

Within two minutes a weaker man would have turned back. Women spraying the lawns stopped to look at him. Automobilists let their cars roll on unguided as they turned to stare. Children shouted to each other, up and down the block.

Gone was the gallant purpose of walking down Main Street as if it were Michigan Boulevard; Willie crossed it hastily, picking his way among the sticky black pools of oil that lay half soaked in the dust, and struck off down the cross street beyond. Once around the corner and it was only half a block to Judy's house.

But first there was that terrible corner of the garage and its loafers—the garage where he had spent those awful years under the ingenious torments of Mock Eppley. His spine tingled as he peered ahead. Yes, they were all there, on the long bench out in front—Mock Eppley and Andy Greenidge, Butch Houser and Pegleg Bray, chewing tobacco and watching his approach with incredulous delight. He could cross the street—but a man of the world was above evasion. Willie thrust his chin in the air and strode on.

Though his eyes were straight ahead, he knew when he was abreast of the bench by the dimly heard obscene challenges and salutations, the gooseflesh that broke out all over him. They were trying to stop him, but he strode on.

THEN—smack! A stinging impact on his ankle; a sticky wetness trickling down into his shoe. He stopped—he couldn't help it—and looked down. The spotless socks and trousers were defiled by a great brown stain.

"Who did that?" he demanded, hoarsely. His voice trembled, not with anger alone, for he knew who had done it. Mock Eppley's broad, black-shirted shoulders leaned against the wall, his wide face grinning, his little eyes sparkling with delighted relish of a new torment. Mock Eppley, indolent but powerful, fifty pounds heavier than Willie.

"Butch Houser done it," Mock drawled. "I seen him." Willie half turned toward the other end of the bench, and as he turned Mock spat straight and true at his knee.

Tears were in Willie's eyes as he swung back and felt his trousers spattered by a whole salvo from the bench. Down the street his eyes sought a white-painted porch shaded by honeysuckle vines, behind their foliage a blur of blue. Judy had seen, must see the rest; but there was only one thing to be done.

"Come on, Mock," he said, softly. Mock Eppley, who had bullied the helpless Willie all through the years of adolescence, looked up blankly, his slow mind trying to grasp a new fact.

"Come on," Willie repeated. "Come on and fight."

"Fight?" Mock echoed, grinning. "Fight who? You?"

"Yes, me," Willie insisted, miserably, and drove himself forward. Mock shot out a huge hand and caught his arm.

"Fight, eh?" he laughed, not even troubling to stand up. "Like this?"

A turn of the wrist and Willie doubled in agony over his twisted arm. But even as he writhed he clenched his other fist and drove it against Mock's nose. The smack resounded; Mock shook himself, incredulous.

Then he surged to his feet, still clutching Willie's arm, and began driving his fist into Willie's face. Willie's feeble defense was brushed aside. Every battering stroke would have knocked him down, but always Mock jerked him back to meet the next one. Weeping through swollen eyes, Willie did his best, felt the blood dripping from his chin, was jerked forward to meet another pounding drive.

Dimly he heard Andy Greenidge's low warning, "Look out, Mock, you'll kill him." Dimly he saw across the street the horror-stricken face of Turpie Witt, passing hastily and pretending he saw nothing. Then Mock suddenly let go and hit him a final blow on the chin, and everything turned black as Willie sprawled in the grass.

He woke in a chill drenched shock; Butch Houser had thrown a bucket of water over him. Mock Eppley was standing, still in fighting posture, his wide face cracked in a smile, but—Willie saw it with fierce delight—his nose and lip blotched with red. Through fast closing eyes he looked down at his once white trousers. He couldn't show them, or himself, to Judy tonight.

He picked up his straw hat and stick and staggered away in too much agony of soul and

"If I ever ketch you copyin' anybody's signature again you've looked your last look at Judy."

body to care who saw him. He didn't see that Turpie Witt had turned back, too late. Turpie came and saw and turned away again; and as he turned Mock Epply, who had neither cash nor credit and didn't need the favor of the bank cashier, called after him:

"Lookin' for White Pants Willie? He ain't dining out tonight."

JUDY lifted a shamed and sullen face as her father came heavily up the porch steps.

"Did you see it?" she demanded.

"Yes," said Turpie Witt dully, "I saw it. Mock Eppley's a big brute of a bully, but Willie 'd ought to have had more sense than to wear them white pants. That's all right in Palm Beach or Atlantic City, but it don't go in Sloanestown. Nobody's done that since Dudley Hills' time, and you've heard what became of him. He took to drink, went East, and likely died in the gutter."

Already he felt more peaceful; heresy had been fitly punished, his universe had justified itself.

"You don't want to take it too hard," he added.

"I think it was rotten of Willie," she broke out passionately. "He might have known what would happen. Now I'll never hear the last of this. Everybody will kid me."

There was a sob in her voice, for somehow Judy had felt that Willie was going to ask her tonight. Of course she wouldn't have said yes—not right away; but it ought to have been one of the great evenings of her life, and Willie's recklessness had spoiled it.

"Well," said Turpie, "people will forget about it after a while. Everybody knows Mock is too big for Willie to lick; and maybe it will be a good thing in the long run. We got to get him rid of them ideas. And we'll never see the white pants again—you can be sure of that."

"He'll have to throw them into the ash can," Judy predicted with fierce joy, at the removal of this obstacle to the orderly and decent life which she would some day lead with Willie.

And he would have thrown them into the ash can if it had been near enough. As it was, he threw them out of the back window of his room—luckily, he had got into the boarding house unnoticed, for the others were at supper—and spent the next three hours lying on his bed, his face wrapped in towels soaked in witch hazel, his physical agony gradually yielding to keener pains.

For he had been shamed and overcome before her eyes, on the night of nights. Worse, he had suffered because he had tried to dress up to his emotions and look, as he felt, the man of the world. Perhaps Sloanestown was no place for a man of the world; white trousers wouldn't be insulted in Palm Beach or Monte Carlo. Yet the outer world was nothing without Judy, and Judy would never want to see him again. . . .

So he was reflecting when a timid knock fell on the door. He sat up like an uncoiling spring. She had come to him, then, careless of the conventions, to comfort him and heal him, and to tell him that she loved him and that some day he would lick Mock Eppley.

"Come in," he called shakily and rose with open arms. Ma Lydig entered, adjusting her spectacles.

"I got your white pants soakin' in the wash boiler," she said, tonelessly. "Tobacco juice makes a pretty bad stain, but Pa used to chew a lot, and I guess I know all there is to know about takin' it out. And you can white your shoes over, so it won't show."

"You're mighty good to me, Ma," he told her, using all his will power to keep his bitter disappointment out of his tone.

"About time somebody was," Ma Lydig mumbled. "No wonder Dudley Hills took to drink, livin' in Sloanestown."

So, the next day, he got the trousers back as good as new, which seemed almost a symbol of divine encouragement. He would be a man of the world despite Sloanestown. He needed all the encouragement he could get in the next fortnight; but, after all, it wasn't so bad as he had expected.

People made fun of him, but his tense fierceness kept them from doing it within earshot. The name stuck, of course—White Pants Willie. The girls took it first—girls whom he had neglected to devote himself to Judy Witt.

But presently a street fair came, giving Sloanestown a new topic of conversation; two weeks later he dared, one evening, to call on Judy.

FULL of compunction, she put her arms around him, behind the screen of honeysuckle on the porch, and kissed him of her own accord. He would have asked her to marry him then if Fate hadn't laid a duty on him that must be discharged first. Even so, as they sat in the Gloucester hammock, with their arms about each other—

"I love you, Judy," he whispered. Her arms tightened about him.

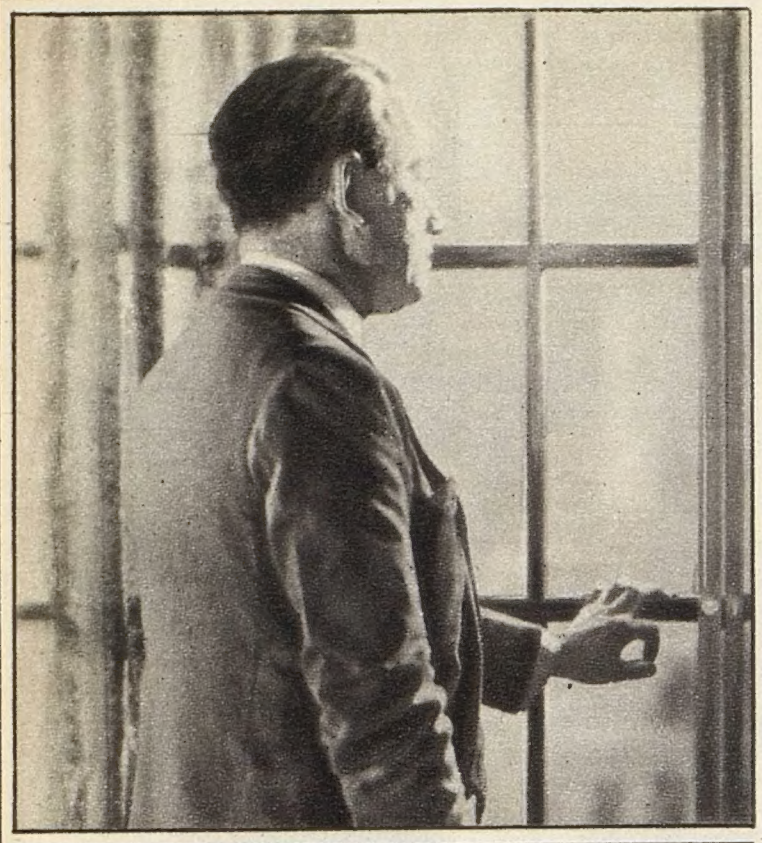
"Do you love me?" he demanded. No response.

"Do you love me more than that girl at Vernon?" she asked, presently.

"What girl at Vernon?"

"Oh, don't let on you don't know what I

[CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN]



(At left)

"A physical wreck—I was irritable, nervous, debilitated. I tried the rest cure, the milk diet, and nearly every curative treatment known to science, but to no avail. I was simply depleted of nervous energy. When I heard of Fleischmann's Yeast I was skeptical of the wonderful results attributed to it. In a week's time, after using the yeast, my digestion became better, my complexion brighter, and I slowly regained lost vitality. Is it any wonder that I am a convert to the curative qualities of Fleischmann's Yeast?"

(Extract from a letter of Mr. Clair C. Cook of Los Angeles, California)

(At right)

"We restaurant eaters must force greasy, quickly fried food into our stomachs in a hurry. No wonder they get sluggish and refuse to perform their duties. And our next move is 'take one of these pills each night!' Even the best stomach cannot stand such treatment. It must soon stop functioning and instead of taking nourishment and health out of our food, it becomes semi-active and just passes it on.

"On the advice of a friend I ate my first yeast cake. Now I feel like the man who puts coal on a fire. He gets heat units, while today I'm enjoying health and vigor units, and am glad to be out of the 'glass of water and pill' class."

(Mr. Thomas Leyden, of Elizabeth, N. J.)

(At left)

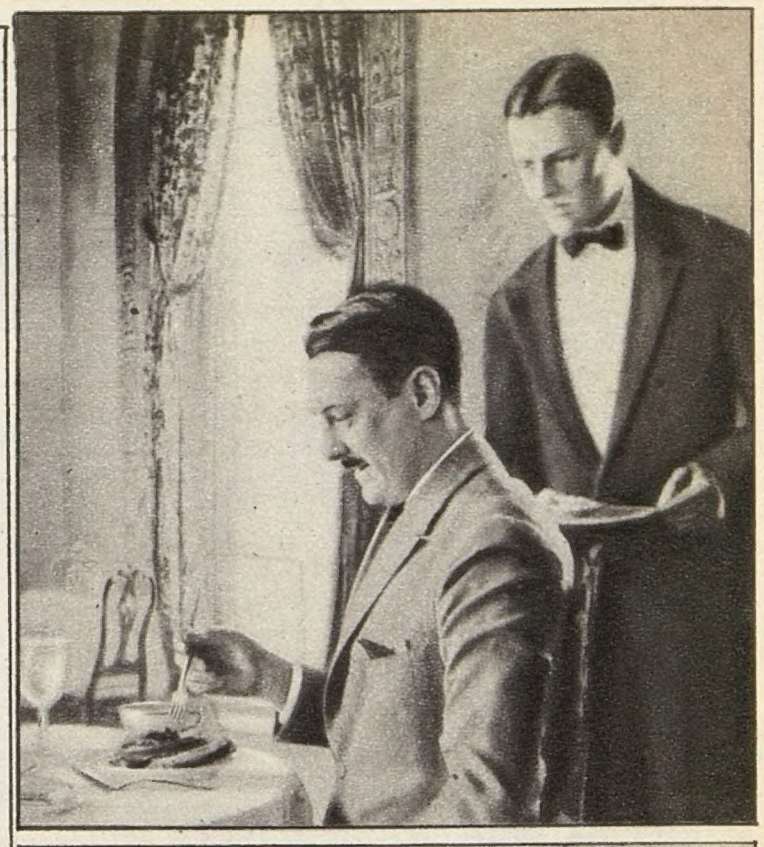
"I knew my headaches and unwholesome complexion were caused by constipation. To take frequent cathartics was my regular program and even by doing this I was tired and dopey. 'I like what yeast does for me' said one of my customers and asked if I had ever tried it. I acted on this suggestion and began to drink yeast in milk regularly. Soon people began to comment on how well I was looking—my husband said I grew younger—the mirror told me my complexion and eyes were clear and bright. Cathartics are now a thing of the past."

(A letter from Mrs. Mabelle Conomikes of Marathon, N. Y.)

(At right)

"'And my Fleischmann's Yeast cakes as usual.' For almost three years I have given this order to my grocer several times each week and will continue indefinitely. Three years ago as a young mother in a run-down condition, with boils rendering me almost helpless, I felt that the end of my endurance had been reached. In desperation I sent for Fleischmann's Yeast cakes. The boils began to dry up. I slept better—had a keener appetite, felt better and by Spring had regained my strength and vivacity. Now I eat Fleischmann's Yeast cakes to keep me feeling 'top notch'."

(A letter from Mrs. Helen M. Raup of Linthicum Heights, Maryland)



FOUR KINDRED ILLS

Lowered Vitality - Stomach Troubles Constipation - - Skin Disorders

One simple food to banish them - -

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Write for a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-13, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

mean. You went down there three nights last week, on the interurban. People saw you."

His voice was husky as he muttered:

"I didn't mean to tell anybody, but I've been going down there to——" He paused; it wasn't time to tell this, even to Judy.

"To business college," he finished unconvincingly.

"Don't you learn enough in the bank?" she asked, sharply..

"Enough for Sloanestown, maybe. But I'm kind of sick of Sloanestown. We don't want to stick around here all our lives. I'd like to go South, of winters. I—I'm kind of crazy about palm trees."

"Where did you ever see a palm tree?"

"Only in the movies," he confessed. "But I kind of feel as if I wouldn't be at home till I'd seen them growing—in Florida, maybe. Judy, there's money to be made in Florida; and it must be great to live there. Palm trees and pink stucco houses and surf bathing in January——"

"Sloanestown's good enough for me," she declared firmly. "You only want to go to Florida to get a chance to wear your white pants."

"That's not so," he said fiercely. "But I do want to see something of the world—get out where they do big things in a big way. Yes, I want to be a man of the world."

"It takes more than white pants to make a man of the world."

Behind her teasing raillery he felt a driving bitterness; he was spoiling her ideal, darkening her dream of the future. But she was spoiling his, too. He got up jerkily, thrusting aside her clinging arms.

"All right, if you feel that way, Judy. Good night."

"Going to see the girl at Vernon?" she flung at him.

"There isn't any girl at Vernon—for me."

He clumped down the steps, too angry to confess that he went to the large town to take boxing lessons in a gymnasium. For, before he asked Judy to marry him, he meant to lick Mock Eppley.

IV.

THE sleet of December beat on the window of the interurban car that brought Willie back from Vernon. Hunched down on the wicker seat, he shivered in his shabby brown suit and wished he hadn't put off buying an overcoat. He could afford it. He had been raised to seventy-five a month; the savings bank account had mounted to nine hundred dollars. He had shown Judy his bank book Sunday night, and she had looked as if she expected him to say something. But he couldn't ask her yet; Mock Eppley was still unlicked.

Willie had kept out of Mock's way because he knew he must beat him the first time or not at all. Three months of boxing, with long swims around and around the gymnasium pool, had toughened Willie; he had hardened, gained weight, grown up to his height. Three months of idleness and soaking up of moonshine had weakened Mock. But Mock could still beat him if he took him seriously; he must strike when he was at top form and Mock unready.

Then, at last, he could go to Judy. He understood her better now; knew that behind her bitter mockery there was an unrelieved tension. She'd marry him—not the first time he asked her, but eventually. She'd want to stay on in her father's house; he and she and Turpie Witt would live together. For Turpie's October cold had hung on into December; visibly, Turpie Witt was afraid. Sooner than he had expected. Willie would have not only Turpie's daughter but Turpie's house and Turpie's job, his position in the community.

But—last week there had been a Florida picture at the Bijou, a picture full of sunshine and wheel chairs and palm trees. Florida!

With a grinding screech of wheels on icy tracks the interurban car rounded the Main Street corner and stopped, recalling Willie to Sloanestown and winter. Already the pavements were thinly coated with ice; he slipped and skated on the slippery surface as he started homeward, past street lamps flashing golden discs on the white volleys of falling sleet.

A lumbering form came toward him, unsteadily. All over his body Willie's muscles tightened, for it was Mock Eppley.

Willie's encounter with Mock Eppley was like the pistol shot that starts a race. After it, events leaped forward at dizzy speed, carrying our startled Willie with them. Don't miss the second installment of this tense and sparkling adventure tale, to appear in next week's issue.

What Is Your Batting Average?

By SEAMUS DILLON

Are You Doing as Well as You Should at the Gentle Indoor Sport of Panning Those Not Present?

OUT in the suburb where I live the crowd with which I ruin evenings assembles once or twice a week for any available reason and, among other things, talks.

I cannot recall that anything of importance has been said for some time, except possibly the inevitable from somebody:

"Well, I guess we'll be staggering on home. I've got a big day tomorrow and I think I'll try sleeping for a change."

But between the hour of the gathering of the clan and the moment when the author of the above sentiment starts the party upon its speedy disintegration we have discussed all of our topics thoroughly, several years of repetition having made us almost letter perfect.

We hold forth about liquor and the price and quality thereof, about the plays we have seen and the novels we have read, about our tailors and dressmakers, about our children, who are fortunately abed at the time; about our luck at poker, about the wild parties we have participated in (will you ever forget what Bill Waffus said to that cop?), and those not present.

AND THOSE NOT PRESENT! My goodness! Conversation lags a bit and somebody mentions having seen Lulu Lapp on Maple Street that day. My goodness! With one accord we lean back that we might get the weight and strength of our bodies into the wallop, and swing from the floor. Bam! With marvelous precision we land, in chorus, upon Lulu Lapp's moral chin and let her lie.

Lulu, it seems, has just become engaged to marry Freddy Flopp. The crowd takes a firm grip on that fact, and, in effect at least, the following barrage falls:

"Well, it's her business, and far be it from me to say anything one way or another, but it's about time."

"Lulu's a nice enough girl; I wouldn't for the world say anything about her. But Freddy——"

"Now, there's one guy who's as dumb as he looks. That's hard to believe, but he can prove it any day."

"Well, anyway I'm glad for Lulu's sake. She isn't any younger than she used to be, and from what I hear she's been watching both sides of the street for a neck to fall on for ten years."

"She picked a neck, all right. As far as I can see he's nothing but neck—nothing above it, anyway."

"What became of that fellow in Baltimore? I thought Lulu was going to marry him."

"So did Lulu. Believe me, you've really got to give her credit for applying wherever there was a vacancy."

"Yes, Lulu must be thirty-five if she's a day, or thirty-four at any rate. She's as old as *I* am."

This goes on for an hour or so, when, exhausted, we pause, gathering our strength against the inevitable moment when somebody mentions the name of some other absentee. Having warmed up and got the kinks out of our arms, we usually hurl the second and succeeding victims two or three miles the first throw.

The opportunity arrives when somebody announces that the Frenzies have a new motor car. The Frenzies—Ferdinand and Flora—are not members of our set, managing somehow to keep going. Owing to that lack of contact with the Frenzies we know practically nothing about their affairs—not that we are daunted.

"Well, some people can get away with it. What does he do for a living?"

"He's a broker or a bond salesman or something, I hear. Someone was telling me he was with a bucket shop."

"Well, I guess they do it on what she saves on clothes. Lord knows, as little as it costs me to keep dressed decently, we can't afford a new car every year."

"Well, what she wears won't break him, whatever he does. How some women can be seen in public like she goes around!"

For fifteen minutes or so the blows falling upon the unsuspecting Frenzies might be heard for blocks. Eventually both Ferdinand and Flora are reduced to pulp, and, after a couple more massacres, someone makes the break:

"Well, I guess the wife and I'll be staggering on home. I've got a big day tomorrow and I think I'll try sleeping for a change."

They are brave people, those who leave first.

Unless they move to another town, none of the members of our set drop out. They don't dare. Once after our own house had been the site of the evening's slugging and after all had gone a disconcerting thought came to me.

"Do you think," I asked, "that they may be talking about *us* now?"

"You haven't any reason to believe that they all dropped dead at the same moment, have you?" my wife replied, turning out her light.

THE END

EVERY WOMAN

By O. O. McINTYRE

She parks you alongside of Aunt Het and you get to hear all about Brother George and his rheumatism.

I READ in my favorite newspaper the other day that three famous stage managers had decided to retire. The article gave no reason for their retirement, but I'm not so dumb. I know.

The feminine invasion again. Women have them holding to the ropes and groggy. Every home has become a stage and every woman a stage manager.

Back in the days of the lancers, white-edged vests, Barlow knives and waxed whatnots, woman was content to manage the baby.

Now she romps into the nursery every now and then, kisses baby through a sterilized gauze, leaves him flat in the crib and manages everybody else.

Ask a painter in to floss up the back porch and before he has got his brush limbered up, the lady of the house is in the doorway telling him how it must be done.

And the poor painter begins to feel just about as welcome as a London Bertie in white spats at a ditch diggers' ball.

If hubby decides to have a few of the boys drop in for an evening's scientific study of what makes the deuces wild the boys are met by the wife.

There is something flinty about her remote graciousness. She will tell you she never wants John to lose contact with his old friends. She wants her home to be his friends' home.

It looks like a great night, but listen. It is the wife speaking:

"One thing I have always discouraged in our house is gambling. I don't think anyone should lose more than a dime. That makes it interesting and no one is hurt.

"And there is one little thing I am going to ask you not to do. Please don't smoke. We have just put up new lace curtains.

"And, John, dear, remember you have to get to the office early. So start the last round at ten-thirty. And I hope you all have a perfectly lovely evening."

Exit wife! Enter woe! And poor John was the bimbo who had two fast ones at the club the other evening and told the boys that he was the head of the family. Can't men be comic?

GO into any mixed gathering these days and watch the hostess. There you are in a fried shirt and a choke collar, trying to be happy and looking silly.

Over in the corner is the life of the party. She plays a ukulele, sings about Hot Mamma, and talks baby talk. She means nothing to you, of course, but, after all, you climbed into the monkey suit to have a good time, and a party is a party.

Pretty soon she waves to you and moves over to give you a place on the settee. You are crossing the room and the hostess nabs you. She wants you to meet her maiden aunt from Syracuse—"a little deaf, but the sweetest soul in the world."

So she parks you alongside of Aunt Het and

A Stage Manager

Pictures by
OSCAR HOWARD

While over in the corner is the life of the party, who plays a ukulele and sings Hot Mamma.

You Plan a Party or Take Out the Car or Buy a Hat —and if the Wife Is Among Those Present Are You Permitted to Have Things Exactly Your Own Way? Not Likely, Men; Not Likely!

Egbert says he'd like to entertain some of those who have entertained them during the summer. He decides on the Martins, the Doakes, and the Arthurs for guests. And he further decides—just as though he might be going to have something to do with it—on seeing Hot Potatoes! with all those scenes where living and undressed figures ride on the curtains and hang to the chandeliers.

So—as we movie captionists blurb it—came the fatal night. Egbert goes into the parlor to find that instead of the Martins, the Doakes, and the Arthurs being the guests, the wife has invited the Jeromes, the Prices, and the Madisons. And so off they go to see a Greek cycle play at the High Art Playhouse. It is one of those problem plays, the problem being to find anyone, including the players, who knows what it is all about. Further than that, if anything in the world could be further—Mr. Madison had been eating onions and the box was stuffy.

DID you ever try to drive an automobile with the wife in the back seat? There's a fine Sunday afternoon diversion for you, and ain't we got fun?

You put on all your motor trappings, including the goggles which the clerk told you made you look exactly like Lowell Sherman. You begin to back out of the garage and are told, with something that sounds just a shade like sarcasm, that it doesn't matter about running over the rose bush, but there is no living sense in smashing up Willie's velocipede.

With that kind of a start the afternoon's merriment begins. By and by you hit a level stretch of road and decide to snap into a twenty-mile gait. And then a voice in the back seat inquires: "Where is the fire?" and you smile a little at the wheeze and jump to twenty-two miles.

This time the voice says, "Dear, don't go so fast!" but being just plumb full of the Old Harry, you keep going until the voice says with a click: "Albert!"

Whenever they call you by your full first name when you're motoring, that means you are sunk. Just take your foot off the accelerator and play snail, for if you don't you are going to be talked to like nobody's business.

There comes a time when you feel that the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

you get to hear all about Brother George and his rheumatism. Just before the wine is served Aunt Het tells about her being the founder of the Total Abstinence League in Syracuse. Heigh ho! and lack-a-day!

Women are not confining their managing to homes. Every once in a while they come to the office unannounced, give it the once over and that night Egbert is asked rather cuttingly: "Where did you get that stenographer?"

And that is the end of that. Egbert is no fool, even if he does play mah jongg.

Did you ever notice how the ladies manage a theater party? All right. Tune in.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

inner man and the inner what-you-have-with-you needs a bit of refreshment. So you draw in at one of those places with those stirringly original names—such as Dew Drop Inn.

"What have you in the way of sandwiches?" you inquire of the *garçon*, and he, having had a bad Saturday night and not caring much to wait on trade, replies blandly, "Sandwiches."

So you decide to show him his place and order ice cream.

"WHERE in the world did you ever find this place?" asks the manager.

"Never saw it in my life!" you say, and like a fool add, "it is just one of those jazz road houses that gets steamed up about midnight. I never heard of it before."

And just about that time the proprietor saunters up and greets you with, "Hello, Al, how's tricks?" We told you it was going to be a merry afternoon—so don't go yet!

You have started out on a merry Sunday afternoon, have broken down the rose bush, busted Willie's velocipede, had a section of your past exposed and stepped into an 18-karat pout. Goodness, goodness—what fun!

You leave and resume the jaunt. Trying to be always merry and bright, you suggest a new road—just opened.

"Do so at your own risk," says the loving helpmate, and you show your authority by keeping to the same road.

You upset the goldfish bowl on a pile of dresses.

Then the car gives a few wheezing gasps and comes to a stop. You bound out—still clinging to the merry and bright idea—and say, "A little carburetor trouble!" You poke your head in the hood, twist a couple of gadgets that brings on a triple blast of backfires and a ripping, grinding aftermath.

"Now what have you done?" you are asked.

"It never did this before," you attempt to explain.

"Albert Finchclich," booms that voice again. "You start this car, and start it at once. I'm going home."

It all ends by you walking to the village, being towed home and sleeping that night in the spare bedroom. But not before this parting shot:

"If you weren't so headstrong and so insistent upon having your own way all the time we might enjoy our automobile."

AND did you ever stop to think how we poor fish are being managed regarding our wearing apparel?

You go to the hat store for a spring lid. You stand admiring yourself while the various styles are tried on. At length you are intrigued by a jaunty one called The Piping Rock. And the clerk clinches the sale by telling you that the Prince of Wales wore the same type of hat at Wimbledon. You may be a free born American citizen, but the Prince decides what you will wear—at least until you get home.

You sneak glances at it in window and slot machine mirrors. Not so bad, not so bad. And then you get home.

The sheriff greets you with:

"Who in the world's hat are you wearing?"

"Mine, I just bought it."

"Well, have you completely lost your mind?"

"Why, do I act peculiar?"

And then she begins to laugh, and nothing removes the style from a hat so much as a laugh.

You go out into the hall and give it another once over in the mirror. Not so good, not so good.

"It is the same style the Prince of Wales is wearing," you venture.

"The Prince of Wales? Well, for Granny's sake, when did you get the idea you wanted to look like the Prince of Wales? The next thing you will be going to work in a kiddie car in a Lord Fauntleroy suit."

So she goes back with you to the hat store. You want the clerk to tell you all over again what he said when you selected it to give you courage—but he knows who's boss and says nothing.

Finally she selects a hat. She says it has dignity, something she intimates you haven't. And that's the hat you are going to wear until she selects the next one.

When she goes out to buy a bonnet, she brings home the one she likes, and if you don't like it you are going to have to face a nice little spell of weeping.

It is the same way with clothes these days. You can't try to appear youthful—not even spry. If you decide on the latest kampus kut that the magazine ads show you would wind up with something that was out of date when all of General Pershing's brass buttons were safety pins.

IF you get the idea that you are not being managed—and have your way at all times—try to move from one house or one apartment to another.

There's where you have just about as much authority as a clam at a clambake. She will complain to the neighbors for weeks and weeks of her dread at tearing up the house and moving.

And when the time arrives you stay home from the office and do all the work. If ever a woman becomes an absolute czar it is at moving time.

I have never yet seen an aristocratic moving, but they all have the idea it should be some sort of a classy affair. It's difficult to look classy going down the hall with a carpet sweeper in one hand, a rolled up rug on your shoulder and a coal scuttle handle about your neck.

You are up at six in the morning taking up the carpet in the living room. You mangle three fingers taking the bed apart, get your head caught in the washing machine, upset the goldfish bowl on a pile of dresses, and poke the hat rack through the family mirror.

But finally you get everything out in the hall or out on the sidewalk and wait for the moving van. There's a job for a red-corpuscled man—waiting for a moving van. There is just one thing that never interests the van men. That is when they get there, but you have to stand out and guard your household possessions.

Until you do this you never realize you possess so much worthless junk. Late that night the van comes and you return to the moving manager to learn that you haven't taken the necktie racks out of the bedroom closets.

"If you don't drive me crazy, this moving will," she sighs, and goes to bed with a sick headache, while you sit out in the empty kitchen and pillow your head on the kitchen sink. All she has done all day is manage.

Still, in taking a peep at all the men I know, with an occasional glance at myself, I have come to the conclusion that with all the saps among the male section of the human race we need to be managed. But it is a lot of fun beefing about it. And they can't stop us from that.

THE END

The Woodrow Wilson I Knew

By MARY ALLEN HULBERT

Mary Allen Hulbert, the author and the "Mrs. Peck" of these reminiscences.
Frederick Bradley Photo.

Woodrow Wilson (at the right), Mrs. Hulbert (standing next to him), and Mark Twain (seated, in white), photographed with some friends on the veranda at Shoreby, Mrs. Hulbert's home in Bermuda.

The True Story of the Mysterious Mrs. Peck's Long Friendship with the War President, for Years the Target of Innuendoes and Malicious Gossip, as Written by Herself to Silence the Whispering of Tongues

FOURTH ARTICLE

In preceding articles Mrs. Hulbert has described how she became acquainted with Mr. Wilson in Bermuda some years before he became President. Even at that time Mr. Wilson, through being Governor of New Jersey, was looming on the political horizon as a presidential possibility.

With minds having much in common, a close friendship was established between Mrs. Hulbert and Mr. Wilson in the course of which Mr. Wilson disclosed his true self, his aspirations and ambitions, revealing another side to his nature which was kept concealed from the public. Their friendship became closer, and finally became a subject of comment. These rumors never reached Mr. Wilson until the party was bound for Bermuda, the month before he was first elected to the Presidency. Mr. Wilson referred to rumors he had heard about a reported compromising letter, the existence of which, he said, would ruin his career if made public. He characterized the report as "outrageous," and asked Mrs. Hulbert if she could give him a clew which would aid in tracing the rumor to its source.

CONCERNED as Doctor Wilson was that there should be rumors of scandal involving him, he, with all that he had at stake, was surely no more perturbed than I. It at once appeared to me the story that one of his letters had got into the hands of possible political enemies was a purely manufactured one. Nevertheless I made sure. I consulted lawyers and confirmed the fact that the whole thing was a fabrication. Naturally I told Doctor Wilson that it was quite possible that someone might have got hold of one of his letters to me.

"In that case," I suggested, "we had better find out who it is and by some process force him or her to make the letter public. That would end the matter then and there."

But we never found the source of the gossip. And it was totally impossible for me to say whether one or more of his letters were missing. Such of them as I have kept are not all of the number he wrote me.

I honored Woodrow Wilson for his fine mind, his splendid soul, his ideals; I did not honor him less, you may be sure, when he did not, after this hint of scandal reached his ears, do what a lesser man might have done—retreat. He stood as firm by our friendship as he had in the past. I like to believe that had it come to that pass where it was required of him that he sever our friendship or drop out of public life he would have done the latter.

That is assuming much, I know. I do not make this statement without knowledge. It would not have been because it would have been impossible for him to cease seeing or writing to me; I am not so foolish as to think that. But it would have been with him a matter of principle. It would have meant confession on his part, and there was nothing to confess. Nevertheless, a weaker man would have gone; Woodrow Wilson would have remained not only because of himself and his ideals but because, simply, to stay would have been to protect me. That is the kind of man he was. And Ellen Axson Wilson would have had him do no less.

He proved this very readily. About the time of his election in 1912 I went with mother to Nantucket, where we prepared to go to Canada. It had been arranged that the Wilsons should go to Bermuda and I had sent a servant on to prepare the house for them. My son went to supervise the preparations.

At almost the last moment I decided against Canada and asked mother whether she wouldn't rather go to Hot Springs. Together we arrived in New York on Thanksgiving afternoon, leaving for Hot Springs that night. On the train mother became ill. Her guess was that she had caught cold, but in the morning she insisted upon getting up. We arrived at The Homestead, Hot Springs, where I retained Doctor Hinsdale, who worked heroically, but mother died on the following Monday.

My first step was to let my son know, but the telegraphers assured me that the cables between America and Bermuda were out of commission and that direct communication

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Letter That Saved Bob Johnson's Job

—and paved the way for a better one!

IT WAS written to his employer by the International Correspondence Schools. It told how "Robert Johnson had enrolled for a course of home-study and had received a mark of 94 for his first lesson."

Bob answered the summons to the Chief's office with just a little fear and trembling, for a lot of men were being dropped—a lot more were having their pay reduced.

But as Bob came in, his employer did a surprising thing. He got up quickly from his desk and grasped Bob warmly by the hand.

"I want to congratulate you, young man, on the marks you are making with the I. C. S. I am glad to see that you are training yourself not only for your present job, but for the job ahead.

"We're cutting the pay-roll. Until I received this letter, I had you in mind as one of the men to be dropped. But not now. Keep on studying—keep your eyes open—and pretty soon there'll be a still better job for you around here. We're always looking for trained men."

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was out of the question. It would be possible to try by some circuitous route, they said, but there would be delay—how much was not possible to guess.

"But Woodrow Wilson, the President-elect, is at Bermuda," I reminded them. "Wouldn't a message to him get precedence?"

"Of course."

That solved my problem. I cabled the Wilsons, asking them to tell Allen.

Woodrow Wilson at once cabled back his and his family's sympathies. Later Allen told me that the President-elect found him on the island and, putting his arm around him, told him that his grandmother had died.

Allen immediately returned. A month later the Wilsons arrived and came directly from the boat to the Manhattan Hotel, where I was stopping. I think they realized quite as terribly as I did that I was left unutterably alone and lonely. I do not say this for effect, and it is not mere conventionality. But you must realize that of all the old life there had remained but very few whom I could call friends. Mother had been with me in every fight—silent or active.

I DO not think I have ever known him when he was more brilliant than he was then. He seemed to take it upon himself to remove me from myself, for I assure you I was very close to collapse. Then, too, mother had loved him devotedly and almost the last thing she had done was to select a Christmas present for him—some exquisite handkerchiefs marked with his initials. Almost immediately after the Wilsons came to my rooms at the Manhattan I handed the handkerchiefs to the President-elect.

We were all silent for a moment. And then Mrs. Wilson spoke:

"These must be for your trousseau, Woodrow—for the White House, you know."

Then she turned to me.

"I am going out shopping for *my* trousseau. Furs, you know, and the prettiest dress I can find. I must look well for Woodrow's sake. Won't you help me?"

Mrs. Wilson herself cared little for clothes as such, except that they be proper and charming of tone and appropriate to the occasion. After all, that is the fine art of dressing, isn't it?

As we were leaving on that shopping tour, she turned to her husband and asked:

"Shall I pay for them, Woodrow; or shall I have them charged?"

"What would you rather do?" he returned gently. "Just suit yourself about it. I have reason to believe that they will charge them and send them along if you ask them to, and unless I'm mistaken they will take your money if you offer it."

I had luncheon, after shopping, at the Waldorf-Astoria, with the Wilsons.

As I left the Wilsons, he took my hand, saying:

"I cannot imagine you succumbing; I can only see you dominating. There is such brilliant and compelling life in you. No matter what may befall you for a little while, give it time and half a chance, and it will bloom again as lustily as ever."

And then, to make sure that I should pluck up courage and face the future cheerfully, he went on:

"I have never known anyone who has contributed more to those with whom she has been thrown than you have—and do. Each circle you join grows brighter forthwith as if challenged by the very life of you. It is quite wonderful to be so, Mary. Indeed you give out so much that you find yourself sapped and tired. I know that I myself am more deeply in your debt than I can ever hope to repay. Why, it quickens and helps my dull faculties even to think of you."

Then I *did* laugh at him.

"There, you've done it," I said "It was inevitable. Sooner or later you were bound to overspeak yourself. That last sentence of yours betrayed you."

"Well," was his defense, "you are laughing again, after all, and that is the desired thing."

Every boat coming to Bermuda while I was there that spring fetched me letters from the Wilsons—sometimes from the President and sometimes from his wife. Just before I returned there came from Mrs. Wilson the most cordial invitation to be her guest at the White House.

Is it not an odd thing that the "awful Mrs. Peck" should have possessed so much of the affection of Ellen Axson Wilson?

MY forbears were of those who came early to New England—1636—and their rather dull history shows no alien blood along any lines; so there is no question whatever about my right as an American citizen to criticize the home of the President of the United States. I claim my right, therefore, even though it may be questionable taste to tell of the forlorn aspect of many of the rooms at the White House upon the occasion of my first visit.

As it was, my first visit there was more than the natural pleasurable excitement of arriving for a visit with friends. President Wilson and his family had been there only since March, of course—so there had been little time for making any changes.

Neither was there any public money for replacing the worn and faded furnishings. Mrs. Wilson's artistic eye could not bear the drab look of the large corridor—one end of which was used as a combination morning room, with her secretary's desk beside the window.

From her private purse, she bought the new stuff for coverings—as the appropriation was not due until August and was, alas! too small by far, when due. President and Mrs. Roosevelt had, with the aid of the special appropriation, made the public rooms and some of the private ones fresh and lovely again—bought beautiful china—as well as enlarging the offices and making structural changes; but "special appropriation" can only be looked for once in a century.

True to the Southern tradition of my hosts, the house was well filled with cousins—delightful, enchanting cousins—and I have never forgotten the appearance of one of the sleeping apartments given by my glorious country to the man they most delighted to honor, for the use of his guests.

THE room was a small one—its one large window hung with glazed chintz of good pattern, dulling with its still bright tones the dim faded ones of the wall paper of the same drawing. An engraving or two hung on the wall. The beds were not twins—not even stepsisters—one of brass—horrible!—the other of white painted iron and brass—the Marseilles coverlets were *braided* with a huge U. S. The two stiffly starched pillow shams—also braided U. S.—(Oh, Grandmother!)—topped the pillows primly. Between the beds was a walnut marble-topped nighttable, upon which stood a porcelain-lined and massive Victorian silver pitcher—which I must concede kept the water extremely cool.

There was a little marble-topped walnut table to keep the poor little stand company and to shame the shiny curly maple rocker whose cane seat had a large hole in it. There was a nice old mahogany chest of drawers and a modern writing table made in the same style. There was the shiniest mahogany cheval glass possible, with its bright gilt claws holding glass balls, all homesick, I am sure, for the department store from which they must have come.

The whole room suggested nothing so much as the seldom used room in a little forgotten inn up in the mountains of New England.

Mrs. Wilson had a drawing of Jessie and one of Psyche hanging side by side—loving to call attention to their likeness. It was great joy to her to see her daughters dressed in gowns that suited them and satisfied her fine artistic sense of fitness.

Jessie was Greek in her beauty, with great braids of hair, pale gold, wrapped coronetlike about her head. In a gown of soft floating white, with glinting borders of silver, she was, as her sister, Margaret, said, "A raving beauty."

Nell—Mrs. McAdoo—had more

of the quality we call style—a real distinction in wearing her favorite rose color, with a flower of the name tucked in her soft, dark hair.

Mrs. Wilson loved to hear her daughter, Margaret, sing, and on the few evenings that were free from engagements in their first months at the White House she would sing all the songs her mother loved. Sometimes the phonograph was the performer—and I remember one night when I was there we had a Harry Lauder program, the President putting the records on. His favorite Lauder song was I Love a Lassie. He always hummed or sang the air softly—and took a few light steps with great grace—particularly for one who had never danced.

His singing voice was beautiful—of clear, bell-like quality, and very sympathetic. He had a funny little trick, in these same hours of relaxation, of poising forward slowly—almost to the point of losing equilibrium, and if Nell was present she ran to catch him, crying: "Father!"

He said it amused him to see the recurrence of the fear—and I think he liked, too, the expression of affectionate protection.

THE new President was already taking his position tremendously seriously as he surely would. I was never convinced by his protestations of not wanting the office; in fact I discredited them because as far back as our first meeting in Bermuda, in 1907, we had talked of the likelihood of his one day being the chief executive, and he had thirstily drunk in my indirect predictions that such a state of affairs was probable.

He *did* want to be President; he couldn't help it. However, he would have liked it more had he been able to discharge the duties without having to come into contact with the politicians. The office itself and its obligations were tremendously sacred to him; the publicity distasteful. An introspective man with the thinnest of skins, he was given to borrowing trouble.

So early in his administration as May, 1913, he was filled with gloomy forebodings.

"I am administering a great office," said he one evening at dinner. "Probably the greatest in the world. But somehow I don't seem to be identified with it. It is not I and I am not it. I am only here in charge of the apparatus and taking upon myself its functions."

In Mrs. Hulbert's album of photographs taken in Bermuda this picture is inscribed simply "Mother." Of her mother's death Mrs. Hulbert writes feelingly in this installment of her reminiscences, telling how she cabled the news to Woodrow Wilson, who, in turn, imparted it gently to her son.

There was more of this which I do not remember, but after dinner he put his arm around Mrs. Wilson and said something to the effect that she must not change in the smallest respect from what she was to him at Princeton and before.

"There is a certain thing that Presidents of the United States lack, but should not if they are to serve their country as they should," he said. "It is pleasure and the unaffected human touch, my dear. They cannot live on duty alone."

IN that devoted pair I saw the complete whole. She had the human sympathy—the common garden variety—without which nobody is complete. He was the proud scholar, the statesman, the apostle of stern duty. These two sets of virtues blended beautifully but not always effectively.

For example, there came to the White House the wife of a well-known New Jersey politician and soldier with a hesitant but fearful tale of impending family disaster. The woman's husband had been kind to his fellow men, but not kind to himself. The President listened to her with the utmost gravity.

When she had finished he slowly shook his head.

"Oh, Woodrow," cried Mrs. Wilson, "can't you help them? It is in your power if you will. Can't you do something?"

After the woman had gone, Doctor Wilson looked at his wife and said:

"Yes, I can help them; but can't you see, my dear, that I must not?"

As national affairs go it was a trifling thing. Really it affected only that one New Jersey family. But Doctor Wilson's almost fierce Calvinistic sense of duty had told him that to help these people would mean to slap in the face a certain hard law of public conscience. I dared to say to him later that I had wondered what Abraham Lincoln would have done.

He did not reply in words. He simply looked at me grimly, and without another sign turned away.

"You ask for the love of all humanity—an unofficial, common, human love," I said. "Yet

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Sir Harry Lauder

A Bermuda view, taken from the veranda at Shoreby.

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Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink, serious dangers result.

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FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

you do not seem to be able to offer that sort of affection."

"Politics and friendship seem mutually exclusive," he replied somewhat vaguely. "That may sound cynical, but it is not. It is merely sad. Of course the moral is to eschew politics and brighten your lives with friendship."

MY start as a guest at the White House was not wholly propitious. For example, I was late to dinner the first night. Vanity and a certain feebleness of vision combined to achieve the little social misdemeanor (or is it a crime?). But I did want to look my best, and I devoted time to the effort. Thus I left my apartments a few minutes late, only to encounter a totally new animal—the automatic elevator.

Even so, I contend that I could have mastered the contraption had I not, in my hurry, forgotten my glasses. Thus unequipped, I was unable to identify the buttons one pushed for descent and those which send the lift upward. At any rate, I entered the cage and pushed a button. Splendid! I was descending. But my luck did not continue. When I was approaching the main floor I went sailing on into the White House's basement. I had not pushed the right button, otherwise the car would have stopped at the proper floor.

Somewhat chagrined, I pushed another button and made a merry trip to the stately attic. Then back to the basement. I do not remember how many round trips I made from the bottom to the top of the elevator shaft, but I do remember that on every floor of the White House there were agitated servants scuttling hither and yon in a futile but earnest effort to release me from my rocketing prison.

But such things may not last. By process of elimination and the hoarsely whispered advice of servants I came to the proper halt, and—well, it was a harrowing experience.

Several years ago I abandoned the pleasurable vice of smoking, but I was still a devotee of the cigarette in 1913. Mrs. Wilson did not smoke, and she had let it be known—even for publication in the newspapers—that she was not in sympathy with the habit. This was a trifle irksome for me, who was accustomed tc smoke after dinner. Therefore I would take advantage of the first opportunity to excuse myself and flee to my rooms, where, with my head thrust into the fireplace as far as possible without wholly withdrawing myself from the room, I would puff with considerable satisfaction.

But woe overtook me. First the housekeeper discovered me in this undignified attitude. Poor, dear soul! I think she was quite panic-stricken at first because, while she must have seen the stray wisps of blue smoke betraying my purpose, her first thoughts must have been of tragedy. But when she learned the truth she told me that it was unnecessary for me to thus flee to the flue.

"You may use my quarters when you want to smoke, madam," said the generous woman.

But I did not and was penalized by being discovered by Mrs. Wilson herself. On one of my flights from the drawing room after dinner I was followed by Mrs. Wilson, who, bless her, thought I was feeling ill. She entered my rooms as I was settling myself for my nicotine.

"You do not like it," I tried to explain.

"My dear, please smoke here if you wish. I wouldn't for the world have you do this again. How foolish of you. I know you smoke."

But I didn't smoke in the White House again.

WE took frequent motor rides, and when it was possible the President accompanied us. On one such occasion I was sitting between Doctor Wilson and Miss Helen Bones (the President's cousin) and (I do not recall the provocation) I mentioned the word "Scotsman." The President arose in the car and, taking my hand, bowed, and cried:

"Madam, your hand!"

"Why this effusion?" I laughed.

"Because you said 'Scotsman' and not 'Scotchman.'"

None of us saw very much of the President except at dinner. Sometimes in the evening, if he was not too fatigued, he joined us. It pleased him to have me play the piano while he or Margaret or both of them sang. There were some old English songs that delighted him—the names escape me—but, more than anything else he enjoyed singing hymns — How Firm a Foundation, and Old Hundred, if I remember rightly.

I think I have written that I was making serious efforts at self-support by interior decorating and as a house interior consultant. I knew furniture and I had somewhat of an eye for decent room arrangements. Mrs. Wilson urged me strongly to take over the work so much needed in the White House—particularly that part of it she spent most of her time in.

She said that Congress was making an appropriation for such work and that the money—a variable amount—would that year be a bare three thousand dollars, I believe.

"No," I replied, "I don't think I'd better. Perhaps it would be better were someone else to do it."

"Can't you suggest someone?"

I suggested Robert S. Talmage of New York, who, while I do not believe the job was very profitable for him from an immediate financial standpoint, made a splendid job of it. Before he took over the

work, however, Mrs. Wilson, the housekeeper, and I made a tour of inspection.

I was rather aghast at the state of affairs—holes in the carpets, and so on—and possibly made some remark.

"Oh," said one of the servants, "this is nothing, madam, to what it was when the Tafts came in."

But the visit was quite uneventful save for the few receptions—the "at homes." Mrs. Wilson gave her first affair of that sort while I was there, and while I was not actively participating, being in mourning, I stood at Mrs. Wilson's shoulder while she was receiving the guests.

I RECALL a charming chat I had with the Jusserands and a longer one with Mrs. John Hays Hammond. And then there was a tea given by the President to Lord Reading, Lord Chief Justice of England, who was in America on some semi-diplomatic mission.

I had not intended being present, but Jessie came running to me to tell me that an old Bermuda acquaintance of mine—Morton Frewen, the English economist, was present and wanted to plunge with me into reminiscences. And before my visit terminated Jessie's engagement to Francis Sayre was announced.

"What am I going to do without her?" wept Mrs. Wilson.

I put my arm around her and asked her to consider how splendid Mr. Sayre was.

"Oh, he is adorable," she cried. "I love him, too, and I know that my girl is going to be so happy with him, but I just can't bear to think of losing her."

Dear lady! She had such an enormous capacity to love and be loved.

But, as I have said, of the President we saw relatively little. He would come in from his offices dragged out, and at dinner, if there were guests, he would listen, listen, listen, but speak very little. There was some newspaper comment at the time of his differences with Mr. Bryan.

I divined rather than knew that he did not find Mr. Bryan wholly acceptable as Secretary of State even then, and once asked him just what he intended doing about Mr. Bryan.

"Just what can you do with Mr. Bryan?" he countered.

"Well, couldn't you send him away as an ambassador or minister?" I ventured.

"Don't you think," he replied, "that it would be better to have Mr. Bryan at home where he is always, where we can hear him and see him?"

How different that family scene was compared with my second and last visit to the White House, which was but for one day—Memorial Day, 1915. I had come from Hot Springs, Virginia, and was bound for California by way of New York.

UNTIL this visit I had not asked him in any of my letters about Ellen's death. I had tried to be most cheerful in my letters, as he had been when he knew I was mourning the death of my mother.

But now I asked him.

"What was it, Woodrow?"

"Bright's disease, Mary."

There was a little silence. We were looking out of one of the south windows upon a beautiful garden.

"Oh," I said, "the garden she was planning when I was here in 1913. She finished it."

"Yes. Almost the last thing that dear little lady did was to superintend the placing of that arch."

There was an arch at the end of the garden.

"Oh, Mary," he went on tensely, "I blame myself that I was so dull as not to see the symptoms before. All those doctors—fine doctors . . . etc. They did everything, everything. I, myself, was to blame. I was so dull I did not see it coming."

"My loss has indeed made me humble," he said after a while. "My own life seems to have gone to pieces; I don't care a fig for anything affecting me. The newspapers are saying that my thoughts are filled with my desire to be elected again in 1916. Bah! If they only knew my indifference to that they'd devote their foolish and stupid brains to some other topic they do not understand."

"Rebellion seems futile, Woodrow," I suggested.

"Yes, a thing for the gods to laugh at," he replied. "You are right; Woodrow Wilson doesn't matter, but the United States does. Personal enjoyment and desires are neither here nor there, anyway. Those who seek it often don't get it, and those who forget about it in something bigger and finer often run into it unawares. Yes, rebellion would be as petty and contemptible as it is futile. But, oh! I do miss Ellen."

Before I left Washington I told him that I might not see him again for a long time because I was going to California.

"But I shall write you," I said, "and your letters and the newspapers will keep me informed about you."

"There it is," he exclaimed. "One's friends may know nothing except by the newspapers. No, no! You will learn nothing from the newspapers. A few of them, like the New York *World* and the Springfield *Republican*, give the real facts in their editorials if not in their news columns, but the rest—speculations and inventions which they would like to believe true, nothing else.

"Most of them owned by men who would like to discredit the administration. Please believe nothing you read in them about me except that which you know to be true from your own knowledge of me. I can trust you to do that, Mary."

I DID not see Woodrow Wilson again, after that day, until he arrived in Los Angeles in 1919 on his tragic tour of the country which was to culminate in his breaking and his decline into sorrowing death. Call him egoist, egotist—what you will. Woodrow Wilson didn't collapse because he saw a change in the people toward himself. There was no such change. He sank when he knew that what he tried to represent was rejected by the people of the country.

He could not understand why another should not see with him. He was convinced that the League of Nations was the hope of the world. All who opposed him were, to him, of base, selfish metal. He was utterly unable to disassociate himself from his ideals, his convictions. Those who disavowed one disavowed the other. There was no middle ground for this fierce Calvinist. Other men might survive their ideals and convictions; Woodrow Wilson couldn't.

That is why, in the accepted sense of the term, he was not a good politician.

But of that let better historians write. I left him that Memorial Day to enter upon a period which in any circumstances and for man or woman would have been extraordinary. Practically everything short of actual assault befell me in the ensuing years. You will, in discussing this among yourselves, ask:

"Well, didn't the woman know that she was certain to be gossiped about; was she so innocent?"

Of course I wasn't so innocent as to disbelieve that the persecution which followed was anything but inevitable. The great trouble was that I didn't prepare for it; didn't realize that it *was* inevitable. At any rate I did not expect that my friendship with Woodrow Wilson was going to be taken so seriously as it was about the time of the Army-Navy football game in 1915. I was not there, but Mr. Talmage—the gentleman I recommended to Ellen Axson Wilson as the proper one to direct the redecoration of her living quarters—was, and later he recited to me the extraordinary circumstance of being accosted by one of the White House functionaries who was in a dreadful pother.

THE President's engagement to Mrs. Galt had been announced. Both were occupying a box at the game. It was patent to Mr. Talmage that the White House functionary, who was a member of the President's party at the game, was laboring under tremendous stress.

"I was never more glad to see anybody," said the latter to Mr. Talmage. "There is a lot of—ah—well, apprehension in Washington."

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, to be truthful, it's Mrs. Hulbert."

"What about her? I thought she was in California."

"Yes, yes. But the letters she has."

"What letters?"

"You know what I mean. I personally have seen reams of letters from the President go to Mrs. Hulbert."

"Well, what of it, man; what are you driving at?"

"Do you think Mrs. Hulbert is going to make any trouble?"

"I haven't any idea what Mrs. Hulbert's programme includes," said Mr. Talmage. "But I know that she is a lady with the background and all the sensibilities of the lady."

"Then you don't think——"

"Bah! I think nothing. I know that Mrs. Hulbert is a lady."

"Ah," sighed the functionary, "I'm glad. Then the wedding can go on."

As a matter of fact, in October, before the public announcement of Woodrow Wilson's engagement, he wrote me that he wanted me to be "one of the first to know of the good fortune" that had come to him.

I at once wrote him my warmest congratulations, and in the same mail sent the same sentiment to Mrs. Galt. And I have here her note of appreciation—and his:

"You are always fine; I have never seen you do anything in which you didn't show it. . . ."

I am not a child. I have not lived all these years in Mother Goose land. But just what did the White House functionary think I might do?

Really, I am not yet old enough to have learned the answer to that.

Detectives followed Mrs. Hulbert—attempts were made by "patriotic citizens with no ulterior motives" to buy Woodrow Wilson's letters from her—California women expressed in her hearing their opinion of "that awful Mrs. Peck." She tells of these incidents and reveals how the President relieved her financial difficulties by the purchase, for fifteen thousand dollars, of some mortgages she held, in the fifth article of her series, The Woodrow Wilson I Knew, in Liberty for January 17.

Red Roses and a Red-Headed Irishman, Gunplay and Mystery; the Love Story of a Border Bandit—

The YELLOW SEAL

By W. C. TUTTLE

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

I.

HE CAME down the dusty El Camino Real, a fine figure of a man on a tall, black horse, and I waited for him in the shade of the big manzanita at the entrance to the Rancho del Rosa. He was a stranger—and there was grief at the Ranch of the Roses; grief which would not permit that we welcome an outsider.

He drew rein beside me and looked down with a twinkle in his blue eyes, as he removed his sombrero and disclosed a wealth of copper-colored hair, which gleamed in the sunlight like burnished metal, and his wide lips parted in a smile.

"*Buenos dias,*" he said softly. "And may the saints preserve me if I know any more Spanish. I have traveled a long way, my friend, and me throat is coated with the devil's dust of the Camino Real."

His smile caused me to forget my sorrow. The black horse thrust his muzzle to me, as though asking a caress, and the jingle of the bit chains seemed but a faint echo of its master's voice.

"I speak the English," I told him. "We all speak English at the Ranch of the Roses."

"The Ranch of the Roses," he said, thoughtfully. "Sure, and that's a beautiful name." And he began humming a song, as he dismounted.

He wore the wide, leather *chaparajos* of the American *vaquero,* the wide sombrero, and his spurs were inlaid with silver and gold. His belt was of plain, black leather, and a heavy, holstered gun swung low on his thigh.

"I am José," I told him, "*Mayordomo* of the Rancho del Rosa."

"And I," he said, laughing softly, "am Brian Delaney, from The-Divil-Knows-Where, José. Sure, I've no title at all, at all. I am most always hungry and generally thirsty; I'm going nowhere, and I've plenty of time to make the trip."

"We have both food and wine," I said.

"A simple statement of fact, and who would ask more? At your pleasure, José."

I led him into the cool *patio,* where the roses covered a wide bench beside the wall, and called Felipe, the stable boy, to attend to the black horse. Brian Delaney threw a piece of silver to Felipe, and generously gave me one of gold.

"Sure, 'tis but small payment for the chance to sit beneath the roses," he said, when I tried to return the coin. "There are many pieces of gold, José, and but few roses."

And as I turned to enter the house, the mistress of the *rancho* came out into the *patio* and saw Brian Delaney, from The-Divil-Knows-Where. He stared at her for the space of time it would take to cross the *patio,* then sprang to his feet, brushing aside the roses.

Never did the daughter of Don Esteban look more lovely: a lithe figure of a girl, tall, and with the face of a Madonna. Her dress was of soft, black silk, and across one white shoulder was flung a black lace mantilla.

"A thousand pardons," said Brian Delaney. "Sure, I thought for a moment that"—he hesitated for a moment, as he summoned a smile—"that I was dreamin'. I hope I do not intrude."

"Strangers have always been welcome here," said Teresa Esteban, softly.

"Sure, and your voice sounds like the tinkling of bells," said Brian Delaney, seriously. "'Tis only me lucky star which guided me to the Ranch of the Roses, *señorita.* I am Brian Delaney; just that and nothin' more."

"You are Irish," said Teresa. She had been educated in the schools of the North, which were of the best; and to Don Esteban there was nothing too good for Teresa.

"Aye," smiled Brian Delaney. "Irish am I, lady."

"I am Teresa Esteban," said Teresa simply.

"The Lady of the Roses," said Brian Delaney. "'Tis a wonderful spot ye have here. Roses, mockin' birds—and yourself. Will ye listen to yon mockin' bird singin', 'Peter, Peter, Peter'? And who might Peter be, I wonder?" Brian laughed softly and shook his head.

AND then Teresa smiled in spite of the pain in her heart, and asked me to take Brian Delaney into the house and give him food and wine. He followed me in, with his spurs clattering, stealing a backward look at Teresa as he went.

Then he clapped me on the shoulder, nearly knocking me down.

"José," he said, "ye are favored of the gods to have such a mistress. And where might be Don Esteban?"

"Don Esteban is dead," I said, sadly.

"Dead? And how long since, José?"

"But yesterday he was buried."

"So lately?" He turned and glanced back, but the door had swung shut behind us. I put food and wine before him, and he ate ravenously, silently. Then he drew away from the table, thanking me politely.

"I have come into a house of sorrow," he said, sadly. "I feel that it is an intrusion; but," he smiled quickly, "I am glad I came, José. Tell me of Don Esteban."

"There is little to tell," I said, lowering my voice. "He was a man of honor, of great goodness of heart, but the gambling games of Santa Leone drew him like a magnet. He could not resist. Into their coffers he poured the wealth of the Rancho del Rosa, until it was all gone, and then he contracted a great debt, which, as a man of honor, he was obliged to pay.

"Perhaps you will say that he was a very great fool to do this; but who shall judge such things? A year ago his wife died, and since then he was not the same man. They had been devoted.

"To the *rancho* came Howard Steele, the owner of the games at Santa Leone, a big, square-jawed man, but with the shifty eye of one who is afraid. He saw Teresa. The Señor Steele is a married man, but that matters little with his kind.

"He came again and again, even when Don Esteban was at Santa Leone, losing his money to Steele's games. Teresa cried, because she did not like this big gambler, and I remonstrated with Don Esteban. As a result, Señor Steele was forbidden to come here, but he went away with a leer on his lips, because he knew what he knew.

"It was only a few days after that when Don Esteban came to me and told me that he no longer would be able to support the Rancho del Rosa. His debts would wipe out everything—cattle, horses, sheep, the *rancho*—everything.

"He ordered me to have the stock all gathered, that we might herd it to Loma Vista, which is the shipping point. Long after we had the stock gathered did Don Esteban make many figures on paper, scowling over what he would find.

"Then he laughed and came to me, saying, 'José, it is better than I expected. We lose all the stock, but we shall save the Ranch of the Roses. I shall be a fool no longer, and soon we shall have more herds.'

"That was good to hear, Brian Delaney. We herded the stock to Loma Vista, where buyers came to talk prices, and then came home, leaving Don Esteban to make his sales. There were many head of cattle, horses, sheep, and it took two days to sell them all. We do not know how much money Don Esteban had when he started for home, but it must have been a very great amount.

"But he did not reach home. The next day he was found beside the road, lying dead in his own blood. Of gold he had none. Twice had he been shot, and the good doctor of Santa Leone said that he had not lived long enough to feel pain."

BRIAN DELANEY lifted his head and stared at me.

"And who would do this thing, José?" he asked.

"The Yellow Seal," I replied.

"The Yellow Seal?" he said slowly, as though not knowing what I meant.

" Felipe heard him say it and tried to get into the house, but this man struck him in the face."

" You have heard of him? " I asked.

Brian Delaney laughed incredulously. " I have heard that he was a great thief, José."

" And a murderer."

" Aye, if he did this. But how would anyone know? "

" By the little yellow disk of paper which had been stuck on the back of Don Esteban's right hand. It was there when he was found, and all men search for the man who is known as the Yellow Seal, for he was the man who killed Don Esteban."

" And they say he wears a yellow mask," mused Brian Delaney.

" And there is a reward of five thousand dollars for him, dead or alive," I added.

Brian Delaney smiled grimly. " Five thousand dollars is a lot of money, José. Suppose we try our hand at capturing him."

" It is easier said than done, Brian Delaney. *Madre de Dios,* he is like the fox in cunning. No one knows where he will strike next. But he only plays for high stakes; so we of little wealth need not fear him."

" That's true," nodded Brian Delaney. " Still, five thousand dollars is worth trying for, José."

I cleared away the dishes, while Brian Delaney sat and puffed on his cigarette. Someone was talking in the *patio,* but we could only hear

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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their voices. I thought perhaps it was Felipe talking to Teresa, but in a few moments Felipe came into the house, half screaming, scuttling like a rabbit from the rush of a hawk.

He came across the room, flung himself under the table, where he went in a heap. Brian Delaney sprang to his feet, looking at me, as though I might be able to explain.

"Felipe!" I said sharply. "What is wrong?"

He lifted his head from his arm, his eyes wide from fright, and pointed toward the door. He could not speak.

I noted that there was blood on his cheek, as though someone had struck a glancing blow.

Brian Delaney whirled on his heel and went into the *patio*, with me close behind him, wondering, fearing, I knew not what. Just beside the rose-covered bench was Teresa and a man, struggling. He was a big man, evil of face; laughing at the girl who was trying to keep him away. His clothes were of the range, perhaps a little gaudy.

He had torn away her mantilla and thrown it aside, when Brian Delaney stepped into view.

Swift as a cat the man whirled away from Teresa, bracing himself, as though to withstand a shock, while he glared at Brian Delaney through his hair, which had fallen low over his forehead.

His right arm crooked at the elbow, his fingers played open above the butt of his holstered revolver. He was breathing heavily, but there was an evil grin on his thick lips.

I did not see Brian Delaney draw his gun. It just seemed to appear in his right hand, and he fired from his hip—once—twice.

The other man's hand darted to his gun, as swift as the head of a striking snake, but he did not draw. His hand dropped past the holster, as he staggered forward a step or two. His other hand went to his face, as though to brush something away, and then he fell forward in a heap.

BRIAN DELANEY walked toward him slowly, covering him with his revolver, but the man did not move. Teresa still leaned back against the roses, her eyes shut tight, her lips moving, as though in prayer.

"I had to do it," whispered Brian Delaney to me. "Who is he?"

"I do not know," I replied. "I have never seen him before."

Teresa opened her eyes and stared at Brian.

"Thank God, you came!" she said hoarsely.

"Thank Felipe," said Brian Delaney, softly. "We did not know until he came in."

"He struck Felipe," Teresa sighed deeply, and I thought she was about to faint; but Brian Delaney caught her in his arms and placed her on the bench.

After a moment she seemed stronger, but Brian still supported her with his arm.

"Who is he?" asked Brian.

"The Yellow Seal," she whispered. "He came so softly I did not know he was here until he stood before me. He laughed at me when I threatened to call for help, and showed me one of the reward notices.

"'What do I care?' he said 'I am the Yellow Seal.' Felipe heard him say it and tried to get into the house, but this man struck him in the face, knocking him down. Perhaps the blow was not enough to more than stun Felipe, because he got away when the man turned back to me."

Brian Delaney walked over and looked down at the dead man, who sprawled in the sun, his right hand still clutching for his revolver, even in death.

"The Yellow Seal," said Brian Delaney slowly. "And we were talkin' about ye but a short while ago. Speak of the divil and ye'll hear the rustle of his wings." He lifted his head and looked at Teresa. "There's a five thousand dollar reward for this man. It isn't much, but it will help ye."

"But the reward belongs to you," said Teresa quickly. "It was you who—who——"

"Who shot him," said Brian softly. "Aye, that's true, but I'll have none of the reward, because he has done me no personal harm. The money belongs to you, Lady of the Roses."

He turned to me.

"José, have ye a horse? We must take him to Santa Leone and turn him over to the sheriff, I suppose. And you must go along to tell the story."

I hurried to the stable. We had kept three horses from the sale for our own use, and I quickly saddled two of them, with the assistance of little Felipe, who had recovered from his fright. Back at the *patio* I found Brian Delaney talking earnestly to Teresa. Her face was flushed and she was looking away, but it was not because she was displeased.

She held out her hand to him, after we had finished putting the body of the Yellow Seal on a horse.

"Will you come back some time?" she asked shyly.

He smiled at her, still holding her hand.

"I love the roses," he said softly, "and I think I shall come back to see them again."

II.

WE rode away toward Santa Leone, leading the horse which carried the body of the Yellow Seal. Brian Delaney hummed a tune and looked back often toward

the Rancho del Rosa, even after it had faded from view.

"José," he said, thoughtfully, "did you ever see this man before?"

I had never seen him.

"I wondered about it," said Brian Delaney. "Sure he must have a name, but there was nothin' in his pockets to show who he might be. I looked while you went for the horses."

"Just the Yellow Seal," said I. "The murderer of Don Esteban, and a very great bandit."

"Aye," he said softly. "And a braggart, José."

Santa Leone was not a big city, and the news traveled swiftly. We gave the body to the sheriff, and it was placed where all might look and try to identify it. But none could say who he was.

Among those who came to look was Howard Steele, the big gambler. I noticed that Brian Delaney watched Steele closely. Perhaps he wished to see if Steele recognized the Yellow Seal, but the big gambler showed no emotion.

In the pocket of the dead man the sheriff found several of the little yellow seals which had given the man his name, and they all listened to my story, nodding in agreement. Men came and shook hands with Brian Delaney and clapped him on the back, making of him quite a hero. But he only smiled and shrugged his shoulders, giving himself no credit for what had been done.

The sheriff told Brian Delaney that certain things must be done before the reward money could be turned over to him, which is the way in such things.

I told Brian that I must go back to the *rancho,* as it was getting late; so he shook hands with me, clapped me on the back, and gave me another piece of gold.

I was about to go back to the horses when I saw Brian Delaney speak to Howard Steele, who looked at him closely for several moments before replying. As they turned away I saw Brian Delaney give a letter to Howard Steele, who quickly put it in his pocket, and they strolled away together.

I do not know why I followed them. They went into Howard Steele's gambling house, where they drank together, and later I saw them go to the rear of the building, where Howard Steele had a little office.

You see, I had been many times in this place and had even been in that office with Don Esteban. I also knew that a wall ran close to the window of the office, and that a man might easily climb that wall.

I LEFT the gambling house and went to the rear, where I climbed the wall and stretched full length within a few feet of the open window. Perhaps it was the wrong thing to do—this eavesdropping—but sometimes it is the only way. They were talking softly, but I could hear every word.

"This letter speaks well of you." It was Howard Steele speaking. He laughed as he spoke—a cold, hard laugh.

"Sure, I'm glad someone can speak well of me," said Brian Delaney, and they both laughed.

"I gave our mutual friend no details of why I could use you," said Howard Steele. "I thought it best to not put it in writing. No one around here knows you?"

"Divil a soul," said Brian Delaney, earnestly. Howard Steele laughed, and I heard him strike a match to light a cigar.

"You were at the Rancho del Rosa today and were lucky enough to do them a big favor. That is good. The job I have in mind has to do with Teresa Esteban."

I almost fell off the wall in trying to draw closer. This was more than I had anticipated. For several moments Brian Delaney did not speak, but it seemed hours to me. Then——

"The lady at the *rancho?*" Brian Delaney spoke coldly.

"Yes. Listen to me. I own that *rancho.* Don Esteban owed me a lot of money, which is still unpaid. I have his notes for more than the place is worth. He sold his stock at Loma Vista, intending to pay me, but I have never been paid."

"Sure, and that's where the Yellow Seal came in, eh?"

"He killed and robbed Don Esteban."

"And it's all too bad," said Brian Delaney. "Here I went and killed the Yellow Seal, and divil a cent had he. D' ye suppose he hid the money?"

Howard Steele laughed. "Possibly," he said, "but that does not matter. You saw Teresa Esteban?"

"I did. It was in front of her that all this took place."

"Oh, certainly. Well, this deal concerns her. Listen to me."

Howard Steele dropped his voice so low that all I could hear was a mumble. I stretched myself until, I give you my word, I was inches longer than ever before, but not a clear word could I hear. Then I heard Brian Delaney say:

"It should not be hard to do, Steele."

"Certainly not." I could hear them both now, but it was too late for me to understand the plot against my mistress.

"But," said Brian Delaney, "why pay me a big price to do what you could do yourself?"

Howard Steele laughed harshly as he said, "You don't know my wife."

"I do not." There was laughter in Brian Delaney's voice. "I would suppose that the lady kept watch of ye closely."

Howard Steele swore softly but did not reply.

"And where is this Casa Verdugo?" asked Brian Delaney.

I was not interested in Howard Steele's explanation, because I knew the Casa Verdugo, the House of the Hangman. It was located about twenty miles from Santa Leone, across the border, where the law of the United States cannot reach.

It was located in a spot where few honest men would go, and was kept by an earless out-

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Something told me that I would find the answer to the plot at the Casa Verdugo, and I felt it was necessary to go.

BRIAN DELANEY came back, and with him was a figure enveloped in a black sheet, around which was wrapped a lariat rope. The feet were freed and I could catch a glimpse of white slippers.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

law whose name was Aguilar. He was not pleasant to look upon, but they say he was loyal to those who paid him well. I do not know the reasons for naming it Casa Verdugo. That was before my time, but the name seemed to fit it well.

Howard Steele's voice sank almost to a whisper before finishing his description of how to reach the Casa Verdugo, and it was difficult for me to catch more than occasional words.

I heard him caution Brian Delaney to beware of Señora Steele, and I also heard the word "Friday" used several times. There was also the sum of one thousand dollars mentioned, and I heard Howard Steele say there were men in the country who would do anything for a sum of that kind.

"Aye," laughed Brian Delaney, "but would they do it, take the money, and forget?"

I did not hear Howard Steele's reply, but it seemed that he laughed in agreement and seemed satisfied with their bargain.

THEY left the office and went back into the gambling room; so I crawled off the wall and went back to the street. I knew that there was a plot against Teresa Esteban, but I did not know what it consisted of. At any rate, I was warned against Brian Delaney, even though my heart seemed to beat stoutly in defense of this man who loved the roses.

I encountered the Señora Steele near the doorway of the gambling house, whither she was going to attend one of the games. All men have their own standard of feminine beauty, and perhaps there might be some who would admire her—but they would be few.

She was a big, powerful woman, bedecked with jewels, even in the daytime, and wearing an enormous jeweled comb in her high-dressed black hair. She was of the fair-skinned type of Spanish women, but not refined. Men said she attended the roulette wheel in the gambling house in order to watch her husband; but others said it was her money which had paid for this ornate palace, and that she trusted no man.

At any rate, I believe that Howard Steele was afraid of her—and well he might be—because she loved him. And when her type loves a man it is well for that man to be discreet. She but gave me a glance in passing, because the simple *mayordomo* of a *rancho* meant nothing to her.

I did not tell Teresa Esteban what I had heard. She questioned me about Brian Delaney, but there was little I could tell her. That night she took roses to her room, carrying them in her arms as though afraid of bruising them.

A petal fell and she stooped to pick it up—and there were many roses.

I talked with her the next day, questioning her as to what she would do. She knew that the Rancho del Rosa no longer belonged to her, and that she had no wealth—nothing. Perhaps it was the first time she realized her position, but she did not complain; just shut her lips tightly for a moment, and said:

"Something will happen, José. We cannot lose the roses."

She had inherited them from Don Esteban. I agreed that something would happen, but did not tell her that it might not be for the best. I confided nothing to Felipe, who was but a boy, and necessarily without judgment; but I secured Don Esteban's shotgun and ammunition. It was a clumsy weapon, to be sure, but who was I to exchange revolver shots with a man whose gun was trained to leap out of its holster?

WHEN the long shadows of evening were flung across the *patio* Brian Delaney came again; came with a song on his lips, no matter what was in his heart. I crouched at a narrow window, holding my gun in readiness, praying that I might not be called to kill.

He halted just within the *patio*, the setting sun burnishing his hair, his face lifted, as he sang about roses and memories in a voice the like of which I had never heard.

I had heard many singers, even those of the phonograph, to which I listened through the little rubber tubes, but none of them sang like this man.

"*Dios!*" whispered little Felipe, who had come in beside me and was peering out. He did not notice the gun. Then I heard a door

close softly, and Teresa crossed the *patio* toward him.

The singer's voice died away and he came toward Teresa, his hands outstretched, and together they went to the seat beneath the roses.

"I've no right to come," said Brian Delaney. "No right in all the world—but I couldn't stay away longer."

"Perhaps the roses called," she said.

"Aye—perhaps."

I motioned for Felipe to go away. Eavesdropping is not good training for a boy. As for myself, I have little principle to live up to, it seemed: so it did not matter.

Still, my eavesdropping did me little good, because these two people talked softly, and in the open air voices do not carry far. It was nearly dark when they arose from the bench, and Brian Delaney walked to the door with her. They were very silent now. A mocking bird was calling, "Peter, Peter, Peter," from the *patio* wall, and its mate answered from the big manzanita bush.

They were so close to me now that I could reach through the window and touch them.

"And you are not coming back?" asked Teresa.

"No," said Brian, after a pause. "I should not have come today, but——" He paused.

"The roses called, Brian Delaney?"

"Aye, the roses, little girl."

"Why did you ever come here?" There was a world of sadness in her voice, as though she realized that it would be better never to have seen him.

"Why did I come? Perhaps to right a wrong; perhaps to catch a glimpse of heaven—and roses. Aye, why did I come? Fate, perhaps."

"And why do you go away?"

"Perhaps," he said, slowly, sadly, "to keep from wrong. Who knows why we do things?" He held out both his hands to her, and they looked into each other's faces for a long time. I wished myself miles away, and my hands felt like lumps of putty on that gun barrel.

"Good-by, Lady of the Roses," he said, wistfully. "God be good to ye."

Then he turned and swiftly crossed the *patio* to his horse. For a long time after the hoof beats died away in the distance, Teresa stood at the door, a silent figure, her face white. I crept away from the window and went to my quarters, where I sat on my cot and tried to figure out the plot between Brian Delaney and Howard Steele.

Could it be that Brian Delaney would prove false to Teresa, I wondered? Could any man lie the love that was in his voice? It did not seem possible, but I knew that men—some men—will do anything for gold. Suddenly I remembered what day this was.

It was Friday! And I had heard enough to know that Friday was the date mentioned by Howard Steele. At the Casa Verdugo, Friday. Perhaps it was a cowardly thing to do, to leave the Rancho del Rosa unprotected, but something prompted me to lock the doors, climb out through my window, still carrying the gun, and go to the stables, where I saddled the fastest horse.

III.

I KNEW a short cut through the hills to the Casa Verdugo, which would enable me to reach there in three hours. It was moonlight in the hills and the trail was plain to one who knew it. Something told me that I would find the answer to the plot at the Casa Verdugo, and I felt that it was necessary to go.

For the last mile of the trail I was in sight of the *casa*, where a beacon burned in one of the windows. They were expecting someone, I knew; and I knew it was not José Clemente. I left my horse far off the trail and went on foot to the house.

I circled the house cautiously, fearful lest Aguilar might have some dogs to sound the alarm, but all was quiet. I could hear the drone of voices within the house, as I found an open window. It was no task to get inside. I drew off my boots, dropped them outside the window, and made my way cautiously down a hallway.

And may the saints be unkind to the man who built that house! It was so broken up with rooms that it was only with difficulty that I was able to locate those who were talking.

But it was worth my pains. I came into a dark room, the door of which was partly open, giving me a view of the lighted room beyond. Howard Steele and Aguilar sat at a table opposite each other, while between them was a formidable array of empty bottles.

"Curse the man, why don't he come!" exclaimed Steele. He got to his feet and went unsteadily to the window, where he peered out.

"Perhaps he will not come," said Aguilar, pouring a drink unsteadily. "Men have failed before this, *señor*."

Steele came back to the table and took a drink.

"This one won't fail, Aguilar." Steele patted his pocket. "He has not been paid yet."

"*Buena*," nodded Aguilar. "A thousand dollars for a girl! *Madre de Dios!* You must want her badly. And you would pay me for keeping her, eh? Good."

"And keeping your mouth shut," added Steele.

"Yes, *señor*. No one will ever know that you came here."

"If you value your head," threatened Steele. "I am supposed to be at Mesquite City tonight, where I will look over some new fixtures for my gambling house. Of course, they will not be what I need." Steele laughed and took another drink.

"Who is this man who comes with the *señorita?*" asked Aguilar.

"None that you know. He was sent to me by

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Children Cry for

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

a friend, and is the man who killed the Yellow Seal in the *patio* of the Rancho del Rosa."

"That is good, I suppose," said Aguilar. "Too many thieves make poor business—and the Yellow Seal was no pickpocket. He took big money. But he did not come down here. We are poor—and he did not rob the poor. What is that?"

THE sound of horses approaching the house was heard. Steele started for the door, but before he could reach it the door flew open and Brian Delaney stepped inside, a gun in his right hand. I could see him very plain, because the door was opposite where I crouched in the dark. Then he laughed softly and holstered his gun.

"Sure, it's all right," he said, slowly, coming toward Steele. He had left the door open behind him. He nodded to Aguilar, and went to the table. Steele followed him over.

"Is everything all right?" asked Steele, anxiously.

"Fine," Brian Delaney laughed. "Sure, it was no task at all, at all. Ye might have done it yourself and saved money."

"I'm willing to pay," said Steele. "Where is she?"

"Not so fast, my friend," said Brian Delaney. "I have lived too long in the world to rely on any man's word entirely."

I thought I saw something move just outside the door, but it might have been an animal.

"You don't have to take my word," said Steele, angrily. "Bring me the girl and take your money."

"Ye want that girl badly, eh? Sure, I've been thinkin,' Steele. A thousand dollars is a small bit of gold for a lass like her."

"None of that!" snapped Steele. "You agreed on a price."

"Aye. But the market has gone up, my friend."

"Damn you, what do you want?" Steele was angry now.

"I've been thinkin'," said Brian Delaney. "The girl has had a good look at me, Steele. I would not be hard to identify. And ye know what my punishment would be—and yours."

"Do you think I am a fool?" roared Steele. "That girl stays here, I tell you. Aguilar will see to that. There is no danger from her in this country. Man, I've schemed and planned this for a long time. Do you think I could afford to take a chance? I want that girl."

"Isn't one wife enough for ye?" laughed Brian Delaney.

"One wife—yes!" snarled Steele. "One wife like mine is too much for one man. But I am not going to marry this one. Be done with all this talk. Bring me the girl and take your money."

"It comes to me," said Brian Delaney, smiling, "that I would like to own the Rancho del Rosa."

"Own it? Why would you——"

"I love the roses."

"Don't be a fool!"

"And you have Don Esteban's notes for the value of the place."

"And if I have? What of it?"

"That is my price, Howard Steele. Give me those notes and the thousand dollars, and I care not what ye do with the lady."

Howard Steele swore violently, but Brian Delaney smiled firmly. He was not afraid of Howard Steele, and Aguilar was too drunk to do more than be amused. I had made up my mind to kill Howard Steele.

He quit swearing and took another drink to steady his nerves.

"All right," he said, choking over the drink. "You win, damn you!"

He drew a leather pocketbook from his coat and took out several papers, which he handed to Brian Delaney.

"And here is the money," he said, handing Brian Delaney a fold of bills. "Count it, and see that I am not trying to cheat you."

BRIAN DELANEY started to put the papers and money in his pocket, but drew them out and cautiously opened one of the folded papers. As he did so a little disc of paper fell out and zigzagged its way to the floor.

I could see Howard Steele start forward, as though to grasp it, but it eluded him. Brian Delaney laughed softly and shoved the papers in his pocket.

"So it wasn't the Yellow Seal whom I killed," he said meaningly.

"Where did that thing come from?" demanded Steele hoarsely.

"You saw it fall," said Brian Delaney, smiling. "Sure and ye must be a busy man, Howard Steele. I'm wondering what lies ye tell your wife, when the Yellow Seal is workin'."

"Lies—working——" Steele spluttered angrily.

"Aye. No one but the Yellow Seal carries those things. And bad luck to ye, I'll have to give back that reward, which was paid me this day."

"I only had one, I tell you!" Steele gulped another drink to steady his nerves. "I—I took it from the sheriff's desk. He got it from the door of the safe at Loma Vista. I——"

"And that was the one you used when you killed Don Esteban?"

Steele threw down his glass and moved closer to Brian Delaney, as though to grapple with him.

"A detective, eh?" he gritted. "You've come to the wrong place, if that's your game."

"Sure, and I'm not," denied Brian Delaney. "'Tis none of my business how many ye kill, but I like the truth."

"You killed the Yellow Seal," said Steele hoarsely. "You've been

well paid for your work. Bring me the girl and go away. I was a fool to trust anyone."

"Fools always are, and a wise man is the worst fool of all. I'll bring ye the girl, Howard Steele."

Brian Delaney turned and went outside. I saw Howard Steele draw his revolver and hold it behind him; and I knew that he meant to kill Brian Delaney. And I wondered why I should care. If he killed Brian Delaney, I would surely kill Howard Steele. Aguilar was too drunk to interfere.

It was several moments before Brian Delaney came back, and with him was a figure enveloped in a black sheet, around which was wrapped a lariat rope. The feet were freed, and I could catch a glimpse of white slippers.

I lifted my gun, ready to shoot, but the captive was between me and my target, so I lowered the gun. There would be plenty of time. I do not know how Brian Delaney knew that Steele had a gun beneath his coat, but it seems that he did, for he suddenly drew his gun and shoved it almost against Howard Steele's chest.

"Open your hands!" Delaney's voice snapped like a whip. A moment later Steele's gun thudded to the floor, and Brian Delaney kicked it aside.

"I thought ye'd try somethin' like that," he said. "It seems that there is little honor among crooks."

STEELE scowled at him, but made no move.

"Go away," he croaked. "I hope to God I never see your grinning face again. Get out of here!"

Brian Delaney laughed and backed to the door.

"*Adios*," he said softly. "Good-by, one-time Yellow Seal. It might interest ye to know that the letter I gave ye was taken from the pocket of the man I killed at the Rancho del Rosa."

And the next moment he was gone. I heard the hoofbeats of a running horse, fading away in the distance. Howard Steele had not moved. It seemed that he was stunned by what Brian Delaney had told him. Then he sprang forward, flung the ropes off the bound figure, tore away the black covering and reeled back against the table.

Facing him, her hair disarrayed, her face white as marble, except for the carmined lips, stood Steele's wife. Her eyes were blazing in the yellow light, and one hand was held behind her in the folds of her skirt.

"You," he said, and his voice was like the croak of a frog.

"Yes-s-s—me!" she hissed. "I heard all you said. I did not believe him, but I came to be sure. Am I not as good as the mistress of the Rancho del Rosa?"

I did not wait to hear more, but found my way to the window, where I put on my boots and leaned against the wall to collect my thoughts. I was still clutching that gun, as though afraid that someone might take it away, and the two hammers were at full cock.

Finally I circled the house, curious to see what had happened. The moon had come up high enough to throw its beams on the front of the house. The beacon light was still in the window, and in the open door stood the woman. She seemed very tired, her eyes wide as she stared at the moon.

I came up to her and she looked blankly at me.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am José, *señora*," I said.

She looked back at the moon and shook her head.

"Go away, José," she said flatly. "This is not a good place."

I went away. It seemed a short ride back to the Rancho del Rosa, because I had many things to think about. It was confusing. I knew now that Howard Steele had sent for the Yellow Seal to have him kidnap Teresa Esteban, and that Brian Delaney had taken the letter of introduction from the dead man's pocket. For why, I did not know. I also knew that Howard Steele had killed my master, Don Esteban, and left the marker of the Yellow Seal.

But Brian Delaney had not kidnaped Teresa. He had taken Howard Steele's wife instead. And I knew that she had killed Steele. It is not good for a man to be untrue to her kind.

I stabled my horse and went softly to the house, climbing in at my window so as not to disturb anyone. But something told me to see that everything was all right; so I drew off my boots again and went into the main room of the house. It seemed that I heard a footstep outside, and then a slight scratching noise at the door.

I CREPT to the window from where I had watched before, and I saw a man just a short distance away, going across the *patio*. It was Brian Delaney. He had been to the front door and was going away.

But he suddenly stopped short, when a dark figure stepped away from the rose-covered seat and went toward him. I could not see her face, which was in deep shadow, but I knew it was Teresa.

"Sure, you startled me," said Brian Delaney. "I did not expect you to be awake at this time o' the night."

"I could not sleep," she said, "so I came out here. I saw you go to the door."

"Did ye expect me back, lass?" he asked.

"Perhaps. Why did you come back, Brian Delaney?"

"Why?" He laughed softly. "I played a game tonight. Under your door is what I won, and I ask ye to take it. It is nothing to me. I could not bear to see ye lose the roses, so I won it back for ye."

"You won back the Ranch of the Roses for me, Brian Delaney?"

"Aye—for you. And enough more to help ye keep the roses in bloom."

"Then it all belongs to you—not to Howard Steele."

"To you," corrected Brian Delaney. "Howard Steele has no interest any longer. Take it, and God bless ye. I must be going now."

"Don't go," she begged. "Why must you go?"

"Because I must. Lass, ye don't know what it means. I look at you and I forget."

"Then why do you come here, Brian Delaney?"

"Do I have to tell ye?" he asked fiercely. "Do I have to tell ye that the heart of me aches to say that I love ye? To say a thing that I've no right to say?"

"Why have you no right?" she asked, softly.

"Don't ask me that."

"Haven't I a right to know, Brian?"

"I came back here to right a wrong," he said slowly. "Tonight I found the man who killed your father. From him I took the notes which your father signed. They are under your door. I think he is dead now."

"Howard Steele?" she whispered.

"Aye."

"The Yellow Seal? Wasn't this other man the Yellow Seal?"

"He claimed it to you. But Howard Steele killed your father. I came back here to place the blame aright. That is why I came."

"To place the blame aright?" she said, wonderingly.

"Aye. The Yellow Seal is no murderer."

"I don't understand, Brian. Why do you——"

"Because—God forgive me, lass—I am the Yellow Seal."

I do not think she said anything. At any rate I did not hear her speak for quite a while. I was so busy trying to pinch myself awake that I almost forgot to eavesdrop. Then she said:

"Brian, was that why you—why you thought you must go away?"

"Aye, lass." There was a catch in his voice.

"Well," she said so softly that I barely heard it. "Well, I—I don't want you to go away, Brian. The law says that the Yellow Seal is dead. Why," she spoke swiftly now, "you've even received the reward for him, don't you see?"

"But I lied to get it, lass. I knew he was not the Yellow Seal. I knew that the Yellow Seal was not dead."

"Isn't he dead, Brian?"

For a long time out there in the moonlight he looked at her, and I wondered if he would ever speak. Then he laughed joyously, and their figures blended as he held out his arms.

"He did die, Teresa," I heard him say. "By the saints, he died the moment he came into this *patio*, and this is the greatest reward that was ever given for any man, dead or alive."

And then I padded back to my room, hung up the useless shotgun, and went to bed. What more could I do? There was no more interesting listening to be done.

THE END

From
Society
to the
Footlights

JULIA HOYT
E. F. Foley Photo

JULIA HOYT, one of the most beautiful women in America, made the step three years ago. She has worked hard as an actress and, being gifted with an unusually keen intelligence, she has observed many things. Out of her experience she has written an entertaining article on actors and managers, what she has learned about them, and what she finds the aspirant for dramatic laurels must know and do to get a start on the road to fame. Watch for

Stage Success—Some Real Tips

In Next Week's Liberty

HIS Sartorial HIGHNESS

By A. T. GALLICO

FOR three weeks last September, while the Prince of Wales was indulging in a glorified game of hide and seek over a series of millionaire estates in Long Island, the seekers being drawn from the ranks of society and the more humble but much more effective ranks of the press, every girl and woman between six and sixty years was keeping both eyes wide open to catch a glimpse of His Royal Highness.

They kept weary vigil in crowds for hours. And when finally the entourage of royal automobiles dashed up and the royal party descended and marched majestically to whatever function they were headed for, there would be the cry:

"There he is!"

"I see him! Here he comes!"

"Oh, yes; I see him now! Ain't he grand?"

And nine-tenths of them were looking at the wrong man. I saw the prince mistaken for other men at Belmont Park; again at the polo matches at Meadow Brook; and variously at other occasions, on Long Island as well as in New York City.

And invariably, when the error would be pointed out, the fair ones would say:

"Oh! Is *that* the prince? Why, he's just got on a gray suit and a turndown hat."

The heir to the British throne, the legendary modern Beau Brummel, creator of fashions for men the world over, gave the American public one of the worst shocks it has had since Jack Dempsey returned from abroad wearing a monocle.

The citizens of this broad land had become acquainted with young Dave Windsor through the graphic medium of the rotogravure sections of the Sunday newspapers. There was the prince in a topper, and the prince in a morning coat, and the same gentleman in an evening coat, in uniform, in shooting togs, in sport clothes, in riding habits, and lounge clothing. All of them looked exceedingly imposing and always snappy.

London haberdashers conceded the prince as the arbiter of styles for men, and American manufacturers were behind them only in the length of time it takes for patterns and designs to get from London to New York.

Thus it is not surprising that the adoring ones said, "Oh, is *that* the prince?" when they really saw him for the first time. Everyone forgot completely that the prince was here on a vacation and that part of his holiday consisted of leaving at home most of the sartorial trappings of his rank.

The prince's entry into America was accomplished in a double-breasted light gray lounge suit, with a white stripe in it, a blue shirt with a soft collar, blue and red Guard's tie, brown suede shoes, and a gray felt hat.

You can see more striking and colorful well-dressed men any day on Fifth Avenue or Michigan Boulevard. But, while he was plainly attired, His Royal Highness nevertheless was an example of the perfectly dressed gentleman, as he always is.

And during his stay in this country the prince never wore anything more thrilling than a maroon necktie with white circles on it nor anything more formal than a dinner coat, even to the great balls given him, upon which hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent.

HIS second day here the prince went to have lunch with President Coolidge at the White House, and it was thought certain that he would wear formal morning dress—striped trousers and a cutaway. But vacations are rare with the prince, and nothing such as formality was going to interfere with this one. When he marched across the White House lawn he was clad in a dark blue double-breasted suit with the familiar white stripe which he is partial to at present.

This suit, along with the gray double-breasted flannel suit, likewise with the widely spaced white stripes, while not exactly new over here, certainly received an impetus through the partiality of His Highness. Men had been wearing double-breasted suits over here in blue and gray, but the fact that they comprised two-thirds of the prince's wardrobe did much to put them on display in every store front the country over.

The chief characteristics of this double-breasted suit are the broad shoulders, peaked broad lapels, the narrowness over the hips, the ventless back, and the three rows of buttons widely separated down the front, but set not too far apart in the horizontal direction. This arrangement of the buttons is important. The prince is not a tall man. A double-breasted suit, unless carefully designed, has the tendency to shorten a man's stature. But the long, vertical placement of the buttons and the narrow, horizontal position offsets this broadening effect.

The third member of the prince's sartorial trilogy was a single-breasted suit with a long roll lapel and two buttons, of a design known as the glenurquhart check. This is a style which until given a recent impetus by His Highness from the other side has been lying dormant.

Now that the prince has worn such a suit over

Above—The Prince of Wales in his famous double-breasted gray suit with the fine stripe, which has been copied by tailors all over this country. A light gray fedora hat, with black band, Royal Guards striped necktie, and soft collar with two small tabs buttoning the outer fold to the collar stud, complete the costume, with a dotted silk handkerchief in the breast pocket. Paul Thompson Photo.

At the right—In colder weather, with thick overcoat and thick umbrella with large curved handle, black derby, and turn-down stiff collar. And—low Oxfords with the overcoat!

Central News Photo.

WOULD You Know What's What in Fashions for Men? Then Observe the Prince of Wales. What He Dons Today Is the Mode, the World Over, Tomorrow. No Flashing Colors; No Bizarre Trimmings; No Fanciful Hats; Nothing but Good Taste and Refinement—That's What You'll Find in the Arbiter of Masculine Attire.

ere there is every reason to believe that the in-uential style setters in this country, who ac-uire their clothes through the medium of custom ilors, will be seen in suits of this particular eck. Also, the average dresser who wishes to e as smart as his sartorial budget will allow m will be able to obtain this suit from the ands of the ready-to-wear dealer.

This check, or plaid, as it is also called, comes various color effects. The prince has been en of late in one of black and white, and one blue, gray, and white combination. While com-g over on the Berengaria he wore the jacket a glenurquhart suit with a cap to match, and ain gray flannel trousers. This is as good a ophecy as can be offered as to what one of next mmer's sport styles will be.

The prince has always had an influence upon e headgear of the well-dressed man in this untry. The light gray felt hat which has been opular for a number of seasons now is a princely yle. His Royal Highness has made one minor ange in this felt hat. The brim is even broader, nd the crown is higher and tapers toward the p. He wears this gray felt hat sometimes rned down in the front, and other times turned all the way round.

Although he did not wear one during his stay ere, the prince is extremely partial to the derby.

Indeed, it is a style of hat which becomes the prince well. Which is more than can be said of a great many men who wear this type of hat. Whatever hat His Highness wears, be it slouch hat or silk topper, or cap, it is placed upon his head at a dizzier angle than most men would dare. With good reason. For, although we have always been in favor of the wearing of hats slightly over one eye, we have also hinted of the possibility of too much of a good thing. The prince has such a refined and aristocratic bearing that the giddy angle at which he wears his hats leaves no cause for criticism. His is a type which can carry off this rakish style successfully.

PROBABLY one of the most important style notes regarding hats for which the prince is responsible is the Panama hat, with the floppy brim turned down. The prince, with an eye to protecting his royal head from our broiling sun at the Belmont races, was seen wearing such a Panama, which flapped nonchalantly in the breeze. The next day there wasn't a Panama hat in New York City or Long Island that wasn't turned toward the ground. It is safe to say that next summer will find such a demand for floppy Panama hats that the palm leaves from which these hats are made will be in danger of exhaustion.

The style of shirt which found most favor with the prince while he was in this country was the solid color blue shirt with collar to match. The collars on His Highness' shirts are attached when of the same color; are one inch and three-quarters high all the way round, and button on to the collar stud by means of two little tabs on the outer fold. This gives the effect of fitting snugly to the neck without pinning.

Striped shirtings, and other colors, such as light gray, also find their way into the princely wardrobe. The collar-to-match shirts occasionally give way to the white starched collar with colored shirt combination, with lounge suit. But, judging from what Dave Windsor wore while on Long Island, it is the blue shirt and blue collar that has the royal preference.

IN neckwear the blue and red Guards' tie leads all the rest. This is a diagonally striped cravat of even alternating dark red and navy blue inch stripes. It is the prince's favorite at present.

In England it is not customary for a man to wear a regimental or club tie unless he has a right to. But on this side of the water we are hampered by no such traditions.

Another necktie worn by the prince was a dark red tie with an allover white circle pattern. This he wore with his gray suit and blue shirt. This color scheme of gray suit, blue shirt, and red tie, or red and blue striped tie, is one which His Royal Highness used more than any other. It is one of the most successful and attractive ones with a gray suit as a foundation.

If you want to know what tie to wear with your morning coat and striped trousers here's what the Prince of Wales has been playing up of late as an accompaniment to his top hat—a tie of uncreasable silk, in a black and white broken check. Another style note from his highness regarding formal day dress is that a turn down stiff white collar is as smart as a wing collar.

The prince's arrival in a pair of brown buck or suede shoes, and his constant appearance in them during his visit here means a certain boost in their popularity next summer over here. Not much can be reported upon their progress at present, for they are distinctly a summer shoe. With certain men they have already had a vogue in this part of the world. But we feel that they are due to be far more popular after the royal approval.

In color these oxfords are a rich chocolate brown. The toe is a little pointed, and the toe cap as well as the sides of the shoe are adorned with perforations.

The weather during the visit of the Prince of Wales to Long Island was of the hottest variety. Therefore we were able to have many looks at the handkerchiefs which were used to mop the brow of the heir to the British throne. Nothing so simple as plain white was to be seen.

Fancy handkerchiefs are the choice of this blue-blooded young man, and usually it is a dark, red-figured handkerchief. Printed silk handkerchiefs with figure of contrasting color to the background are the prince's choice as a rule. He has one of red background and blue and yellow spots, and another one of blue ground with red and green figures.

In very formal afternoon dress, black cutaway with braided edging, narrow striped trousers, black and white checkered necktie and stiff turn-down collar, silk hat, heavy Mocha gloves and cane, with the inevitable gayly colored silk handkerchief, and, of course, NO cuffs on his trousers.

Wide World Photo.

ONE of the most interesting points about the dressing of the Prince of Wales is that he has cleverly chosen to wear clothes of colors which are most becoming to him. The gray suits and dark blue suits which he wears, and the blue shirts, and the red in his ties, are all colors which set off to best advantage the golden shade of his hair and the ruddiness of his complexion. If more men knew how to choose clothing from the view of becomingness as well as does the future King of England there would be more well-dressed men to be seen.

In jewelry the prince's taste is extremely simple. With all the jewels at his disposal, he wears only an ordinary silver wrist watch on a pigskin strap, and a gold signet ring.

With his dinner coat he wore a single pearl stud. His dinner coat had peaked lapels faced to the edge with black ribbed silk. His dress shirt was of white, with small diamond design, with stiff bosom, and his collar of the high, bold wing variety. He wore a white waistcoat of the same material as the shirt. It was the Prince of Wales who first started the vogue of wearing a white vest with the dinner coat.

THE END

Being passed along from one woman to another

The real truth about skin beauty

HOW can I keep my skin from growing old? How prevent blotches and blackheads? How avoid having enlarged pores? These are the questions being asked by the woman who realizes that much of her personal charm lies in a clear, youthful complexion.

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He Disciplines His Customers

The Story of a Remarkable Tailor Who Tells His Patrons How to Spend, Notifies Them When They Need New Clothes, and Scolds Them When They Let the Old Ones Get Wrinkled.

By H. F.

MINNEAPOLIS men of all ages are so well dressed as to attract attention among visitors in that city. It is remarked that there is a class of Minneapolitans who always are well groomed and well dressed, which condition may be traced to one man, who has evolved a new idea in the tailoring business.

This man enjoys the largest acquaintance of anyone in the city probably, and especially among the young business men. He evolved the idea of a budget system for men, and today he figures a clothes budget for hundreds of men, notifies them when they need a suit or overcoat, and makes the garments for them.

He had a prosperous and very high class store and shop and one of the most exclusive trades in the Twin Cities when he got the budget idea. Today his establishment is much larger, he turns over work to others, and he handles all grades of good cloth, for he aptly says that no clothing is cheap unless it is of good quality. He has the utmost confidence of his patrons for two reasons: first, because he clothes them better than they ever were able to clothe themselves in their own way; and, second, he clothes them more cheaply than they could themselves.

Meeting a new customer, the tailor inquires just how much money his patron wants to spend during the year for clothing. Whether the customer says $100 or $1,000 makes no difference. The tailor examines his patron's wardrobe, calculates what is needed, and so advises him. He plans usually a heavy overcoat one season, a light one for the next. If the budget is small, he prefers one good overcoat and one good light or heavy suit each year to one overcoat and two suits, asserting that a light suit one year and a heavy the next can be made to do very well if, first, the quality is satisfactory, and, second, the man will be better dressed than he would if the budget were spread to cover two suits of cheaper grade.

In addition to making the clothes and arranging the budgets for his customers, this ingenious tailor takes care of the clothing. If he meets a customer wearing trousers out of shape and wrinkled coat, he calls him to time and advises him that he is injuring the reputation of his tailor establishment by lack of care of his clothing, and insists upon pressing and fixing up the garment.

Whenever, in looking over his books, the tailor discovers that some customer is getting negligent, he calls upon him and informs him that it is time for him to have a new spring suit, advises him as to cut and color, and makes the suit. The customers find it not only convenient but a time and money saver.

His trade has grown so much that his effect upon the dress of men of the entire city is noticeable, and he appears to take as much pride in their appearance as they do in their own.

THE END

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This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

Radio Spelling!

James, aged 9, was having a spelling match in his class; he spelled successfully, "anger," "hero," and "poem." The next word was "Pittsburgh."

James pondered for a moment; it was evident that he did not know how to spell it. The teacher called on the next child.

"Wait a minute," said James, "I know how to spell it. It's KDKA."—R. C., Baltimore, Md.

Never Again!

Betty was one of the small flower girls at her aunt's fashionable church wedding, and it had been necessary to have a great many rehearsals. It was a relief, therefore, when the ceremony was over, and her part had been done nicely. "Well," she seriously remarked, "course it was very lovely, but"—and she heaved a deep sigh—"I guess I don't ever want to get married again."—L. O., Red Oak, Iowa.

free

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Department L-1,
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The Sky's the Limit, Folks! Help Yourself!

SEND in as many last lines as you wish. Send in last lines from every member of the family. You never can tell! The more lines you send in the better your chance may be of winning one of the five big cash prizes which Liberty is giving away at the rate of

$500 A WEEK for Last Lines for Limericks

All you have to do is to write one line completing the Limerick *in the above coupon* and send it in! For the five best Limericks submitted, Liberty will pay the following big cash—

PRIZES:

First Prize, $250 Second Prize, $100
Third Prize, 75 Fourth Prize, 50
Fifth Prize, $25

A New Contest Starts Every Week! There's Only One Thing to Remember!

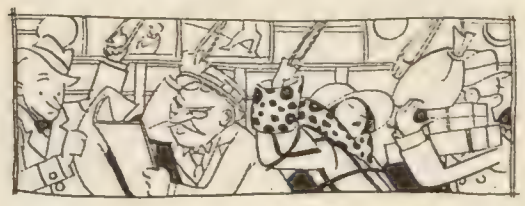
A Limerick is a jingle in which the last line rhymes with the *first two*. Men, women, and children—everybody—can compete. It makes no difference where you live. Merely note, in the opposite column, when this week's contest closes. Be sure your entry is in on time. We want everybody to have a chance.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes



On a trolley car homeward she went
To the place where her dad paid the rent;
As she hung to a strap,
And dozed off in a nap

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty*,
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY.....STATE.....

(Issue of January 10)

Opportunity Has a Bald Head!

Better Grab Him By the Forelock!

Your fingers may slip off the other end of his pate. That's supposed to be a joke. But here's something that isn't. Send your last lines in early—as early as you can. There's always a rush at the last moment. Avoid the rush!

All Last Lines for THIS WEEK'S Contest Must Reach Us Not Later Than Midnight, January 17.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of December 13. The Limerick read as follows:

Nellie May primped all day for her date
To be certain she would not be late,
But when ready to leave,
She cried out: "I believe

.....

Last lines which the prize winners wrote are:

FIRST PRIZE — $250

You can't catch a fish without bait."

Written by MRS. BESSIE M. ROBERTSON, 531 Thomas Street, Athens, Ga.

SECOND PRIZE — $100

I'll finish my cross-words, he'll wait."

Written by SAMUEL COHEN, 3318 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE — $75

If I play my cards well, I've a mate!"

Written by E. C. BREDIN, 1416 Post Street, San Francisco, Calif.

FOURTH PRIZE — $50

I'll call Bradstreet and find out his rate."

Written by L. A. AMUNDSON, 817 West 18th Street, Sioux Falls, S. D.

FIFTH PRIZE — $25

If love's an express I'm a freight."

Written by MELVIN BRORBY, 521 North Henry Street, Madison, Wis.

$500 More for Limericks Next Week!
Better Hurry! Better Step!

An Adventure of the South Seas

TWO FACES

I.

IT WAS just before dawn, and it seemed to me that the ship was hanging in the middle of a colossal pearl. No sky was actually visible, no land, no sea. And yet, on one side was Africa and on the other Arabia, while under me were the bitter waters of the Red Sea. On the east side of this illusory pearl lay Aden. I had passed the town several times, but never before had I witnessed such an atmospheric phenomenon. I had been aroused by a toe digging into my ribs.

"Wake up and take a peek at this!" said my neighbor.

The man who had awakened me had evidently been my neighbor during the sweltering night. (We men had bunked on the starboard and the women on the port side, because it was not humanly possible to stay in the stuffy cabins.) I had never spoken to the man, although I had seen him about the deck frequently since leaving Port Said. He was a little man with unruly red hair and a spatter of freckles on each side of his sunburned nose. As I looked up into his face I noticed the intense blueness of his eyes. Then I dropped my gaze to his hands—long, bony, and muscular.

"Here's a brand new kind of a dawn," he said. "And you'll never see the like of it again."

Heaven on earth, what pajamas! I thought. Here was a man who could gasp over beauty and at the same time wear pajamas that placed him in the category of parrot tulips.

After lunch that day—we were now in the Indian Ocean—I headed for the smoke room. I found my acquaintance of the morning already installed in a padded corner, a calabash in his teeth and a lemonade in his hand.

"Come over here," he beckoned. "Hot air when moving isn't quite so sticky as hot air that isn't moving."

I sat down and gave him my card. He eyed it in blank astonishment.

"Well, I'll be tinker-damned! So you're the writer? I had picked out that six-footer in pongee for you. That's funny, isn't it? My imagination is always doing that. In all your yarns there's generally one whale of a fight, and of course I expected you to be a whale of a fighting man yourself."

Such happenings no longer annoyed me; I had begun to find sardonic humor in them. I weigh a hundred and eighteen pounds.

HE gave me his card, and at once I saw that I had fallen into like error. Dr. James Callahan, one of the greatest plastic surgeons that had come out of the great war; and I had put this ticket on a dignified middle-aged man with a crisp gray beard, who spoke to nobody. It was my turn to laugh.

"You can tell what a man is by the look of him, but never what he does. Going Hongkong way?"

"Shanghai. I'm going up the Yangtse for the summer."

"Well, we'll see a bit of each other. Do any work on these trips?" Callahan asked, a twinkle in his eye. "No? But I'll wager you've got a wad of paper and a box of pencils stowed away in your trunk."

"So I have," wondering what there was about me to suggest this to him.

"I thought so. I'm always carting my surgical case along, which weighs a ton. And only once have I opened it. I say, people are always giving you plots, aren't they?"

"Yes," I answered wearily; for I knew what was in the offing.

"Do you use 'em?"

"No. If I can't imagine a story, how the deuce am I going to be interested in it? Have you got a plot? Lord, I hope you haven't!"

"I shouldn't call it a plot." He tapped the dottle from his pipe and took a sip of the lemonade. "Still, it's something you might pack away in your noodle for future use. It's the one time I opened my surgical bag. When you're through with a yarn, what happens?"

"That's the end of it. I forget it."

"So it is with me. A case finished, I forget

Women crossed the street when they saw him.

Pictures by
JOHN A. HAELEN

A Short Story of a Man Who Was Accused of Murdering Himself :: *By* HAROLD MacGRATH

it; I rarely go back to it even for reference. This forgetfulness on my part piled a lot of tragedy on a poor devil."

"Oh, I see. One of your own stunts. I thought you had a plot. But something you've personally done ought to be interesting. Your record in France was marvelous."

His freckled, sunburned nose widened above his grin; and I saw that he was one of those rare birds who, when they accomplish miracles, like to be patted on the back for it.

"Ever read Gaboriau?" asked Callahan.

"What?" I cried—"you changed a man's face?"

Then Callahan began his story.

GEORGE KENLOWE, born of American parents, was a British subject. Brought up by a father whose New England twang never softened, George spoke Yankee, though softly. At the death of the father George inherited an island and a copra plantation that netted him about twenty-five hundred sovereigns the year. In the South Seas this is a princely income.

Regularly, four times the year, he climbed aboard his schooner and clipped it to another island where there was a considerable town. Here George got properly and magnificently drunk. It was the only amusement he had. For George couldn't pack his kitbag and set out for London or Paris or San Francisco for his pleasures. There were reasons.

Between benders he worked and read novels, mail order booklets, old newspapers, anything he could set his eyes to. Verbally, he was almost inarticulate; and yet, packed away in his big skull, was a thundering lot of classic literature. But he couldn't talk to you about it; he could not discuss Hugo and Dickens; the fine things about George were locked in. This was his second misfortune. In a barroom he got along tolerably well, where no one questioned another's grammar and waterfront argot was the accepted vehicle for conversation.

George was a colossus. He was six-feet-two and as tough as teak, and assumed the pugnaciousness of a wild pig. When his schooner was sighted, Herman, the Dutchman—who ran the Palms Hotel—warned all the pretty fellows to clear out of the bar. George was always taking pretty fellows by the scruff of their necks and rubbing their faces in the sawdust along the bar rail, or in the stale slops of beer on the tables. In a rough-and-tumble George was equal to five drunken dock-wallopers.

The irony of all this rests upon the fact that George was tender of heart. His plantation bungalow was a riot of parakeets and outcast dogs. His Kanaka crew and his black boys adored him, for he was a just master. On his island he was industrious and kindly.

George was a terror elsewhere in self-defense. So long as men feared him they would not laugh at his face or comment about it. Fire and smallpox had made him hideous. Women crossed the street when they saw him; children, black and white, ran away screaming at the sight of him. Considering that George longed for human companionship, that he was gregarious by instinct, small wonder that his blood burned constantly with fury against human beings. He had not a single white man he could call friend.

HE had had the smallpox at twelve and had fallen into a native fire at fourteen. His only parent, his father, died the same year and left everything to George. Until he was twenty the boy had never touched another island. The white overseer—kindly and considerate—never let George know how dreadful he was to look upon. He died; then George had to fare forth on his own. To be laughed at, to discover the innate savagery of the human heart.

By the time the bender was on the downward trend, about the end of the third day,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Tip to the Motorist

when you're tired thirsty, or your nerves are fagged,

Time passes faster-your wits are keener and your nerves are steadier with Wrigley's to help.

Soothing and sweet to smokers-refreshing when you're "dry" good for that stuffy feeling after hearty meals.

Wrigley's will stimulate appetite and digestion, remove bad taste and keep you fit. It cleanses the teeth too.

"After Every Meal"

WRIGLEY'S

The Flavor Lasts!

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

George and Herman, the Dutchman, would be the sole inhabitants of the bar. Herman never worried, for George always paid his score in British sovereigns and never asked for change.

Always upon these occasions Herman would see George pull from his shirt a gold locket, open it, and stare at the contents, his eyes swimming in alcoholic tears. Herman never dared ask to see the locket, for the owner would savagely thrust it back upon his hairy breast if he saw Herman edging near.

There were two photographs in this locket. One was that of a young, pretty woman, and the other was that of a pretty boy of four or five: George and his mother, whom he could but vaguely remember.

George's eyes alone were untouched by plague and fire. Had he but known it in the beginning, he could have built up a hundred lasting friendships with these eyes alone. The fire had drawn up one side of his mouth and his misery had drawn down the other; so that there was always a sardonic smile on his lips. But his body was one of the most magnificent specimens of the male (said Callahan) that human eye could wish to look upon. He was only thirty, and these periodical benders had not even scratched his health.

This particular fall of his upon the ordinary peace of the Dutchman's had left Herman unprepared. Kenlowe dropped his mudhook in the little harbor four days ahead of time. As Herman hadn't been on the lookout, he hadn't had time to drop the word among the pretty fellows. Some of them bolted out of the rear, however, as George suddenly filled the doorway.

Herman immediately set out a bottle of Scotch and a siphon. George solemnly strode to the bar and drank three stiff pegs, emitting a thunderous "Ha!" as he set down the empty glass for the third time.

"Good Lord, what a face!" said a voice from the corner tables.

"Who said that?" asked George, turning.

A QUEER silence fell upon the drinking throng. Hardened as he was, a suffocating lump rose into Herman's throat. But he was helpless. The fool who had uttered the affront would have to defend himself the best he could.

"I said it." A little fellow in immaculate twill rose from one of the tables and stepped forward. "I apologize. I'm sorry." He took off his sola topee, discovering a thatch of wiry red hair.

George laughed. "You little red-headed runt, I'm going to rub your nose in the sawdust." He approached his insulter, an immense hand extended.

"My name is Callahan. I apologized. I'm sorry. I'll buy you the best drink in the house. But no man will rub my nose in the sawdust."

George paused. "Is that so?"

"It is. I have made public amends. If you lay a hand on me, I'll blow off one of your kneepans."

"With what?" asked George ironically.

"With this," answered the little man, producing, by sleight of hand, so it seemed, a bit of blue metal. "Kneepan or elbow; take your choice. I don't like trouble, but I never run away from it. Or break my word."

"All right. Kneepan or elbow." George took another step. "What will you do then?"

"I'm a surgeon; and I promise to patch you up the best I know how. But no man shall do to me what you promised to do."

GEORGE waved his hand toward the hypnotized throng. "Get this, you pretty mugs? Here's someone with guts. He'll do as he says, and so will I. He'll break my leg, and then he'll have to kill; for if he doesn't, I'll kill him." George took another step forward.

"Stay where you are for just a second," said Callahan, not wanting to hurt the man, and at the same time not daring to permit him to come within reach. "See that beer glass on the window sill there? The stem isn't half an inch thick. I want to show you that I'm not bluffing, that I can place a bullet where I want to."

"Go ahead and shoot," said George. The three pegs had taken hold of him. "Let's see what you can do."

The gun boomed. A gasp of astonishment went up—the first sound from the others since George's original query. Of the beer glass only the standard and an inch of the stem remained. George took a deep breath and once more began to advance. He arrived within three feet of the gun; then he stopped.

"How much nearer must I come?"

"You're a brave man," said Callahan, his tan fading to drab. "The best wine in the house still holds good."

Tableau. Silence.

Callahan knew utterly nothing about George, who or what he was, but he understood George at that moment. He knew by the steady blue eyes staring into his own that the man would continue to approach; the poor devil had to, to live in peace hereabouts. So it flashed into Callahan's head to do the crawling himself.

George stepped forward, and Callahan retreated a step, his back to the door. Suddenly the end came.

"Two quarts of Pommery, Herman. I'm going to take a drink

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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with this little man. Beat it, the rest of you!"

There was a wild scramble to get out. The men eddied past Callahan; and presently he and George and Herman were without company. Callahan kept the gun in readiness, however; this might be a trick.

"Put up the gun and sit down," said George. He smiled. Callahan sat down. George dropped into the chair opposite.

"Hurry up, Herman, you ol' son-of-a-sea-cook!" George commanded.

"Turn your face toward the window," said Callahan.

"What's that?" George had both hands on the table, ready to send his chair from under.

"Steady! My job in the war was rebuilding faces. I furnished one man with half a jaw and half a set of teeth. He doesn't look like Adonis, but he is presentable and can chew steak. I take it your bones are all there."

"Yes," replied George, huskily. He turned his profile toward the window.

"Good!" said Callahan, the surgeon, again. "All here. New skin and a bit of knife work on the corner of your mouth. Four months for the trick, with a healthy man like you."

"You—you can give me a new face?"

"Nothing to set the girls wild over you, but good enough to pass in a crowd and nobody take notice."

"The children run when they see me." The huge hands knotted. "I haven't spoken to a white woman in five years. I'll give you ten thousand dollars!"

"I'll do it for nothing," said Callahan.

George's toggery was not such as to suggest unlimited means. He wore a cotton shirt without a collar, a pair of dirty cotton trousers, and a pair of drab tennis shoes and no socks. So Callahan believed that George's ten thousand and Einstein's relativity were of equal dimensions in the realm of the improbable.

Callahan was a surgeon for the joy of it. That his work brought him a princely income was of secondary consideration. It was sport, going up and down the world correcting nature's ironies.

"You came in that old hooker?" asked George, jerking his thumb toward the bay.

"Yes. Supercargo. Needs coal to get to Hongkong."

"Put half a dozen quarts on ice, Herman."

"Holy Mackerel!" cried Callahan. "Two glasses are my limit. I'm no pill roller; I'm a surgeon, and my hands have to be steady."

"You've never been drunk?" asked George, incredulously.

"Well, I might have been on Armistice Night," Callahan admitted, reluctantly.

"Man, this is my Armistice Night; and you're goin' to celebrate George Kenlowe's comin' out o' hell. No back talk. You don't have to keep up with me, but just keep an eye on me. And mum's the word." George lowered his voice to a whisper. "When I come back they won't know me."

"I said I would and I never break my word," replied Callahan.

When Herman returned he saw with bitterness that George was exhibiting the contents of the locket to his new found friend.

As the hours went by from time to time some man appeared wistfully and thirstily in the doorway. One glance at George's table—now a Giants' Causeway of champagne bottles—and the door would be an empty frame again.

Herman, the Dutchman—who ran the Palms Hotel—warned all the pretty fellows to clear out of the bar.

II.

CALLAHAN'S hooker was to depart at midnight. Callahan could not remember, with any exactness, the midnight maneuvers that brought him to his stuffy bunk. He awoke in the morning with a splitting headache. What had happened? He could not say. But something *had* happened, as his wine-stained and food-daubed twill jacket mutely testified. He took a salt bath, got into fresh clothes, and decided to jog around the deck half an hour before he had breakfast.

Curled up on the forward hatch, dead to the world, was George Kenlowe. And when Callahan discovered him, yesterday's adventure returned with all details. He had promised to give this man a new face!

While Callahan stared entranced at all the possibilities bubbling up around the recumbent form on the hatch the first officer came down from the bridge.

"I'm taking him to Hongkong," explained Callahan.

The officer returned to the bridge and Callahan sat down weakly on the edge of the hatch. He studied the profile of the sleeper, squinting as he did so, as artists squint to get the pure mathematics of an object. No; he could not make over the beggar beyond the elimination of the repulsiveness. Whether there would be a likeness to the present face was an affair of the gods. Some of the pits would always show at the temples and there would be scars on the left cheekbone.

Callahan laughed and thumped his knee. Jimmy Callahan, always putting his foot in it, damn fool that he was! Why hadn't he directed the chap to Doctor Chang, who had studied under him in France. Chang could have handled him just as well.

A queer thing happened. When George came out of the alcoholic stupor he assumed exactly the attitude of a lost dog that had been fed and petted. He was always asking Callahan what he was to do next, if it were wise to eat this or that.

"Cut out the hootch; that's all you've got to do. I warn you, though, that the operation is going to be painful. Doubly so for a man so active as yourself. You'll have to keep quiet for weeks. It isn't one operation; it's a hundred. Even when you're turned loose you'll have to clean your phiz with salves instead of soap. It's all going to hurt and burn as if a thousand needles were jabbed into you."

"Anyone ever laugh at you? Did children ever run from you, yelling?" asked George. "You don't know what a hurt is."

THE run to Hongkong took twelve days, and by that time Callahan grew to like George; for George's mind, now opened to inspection, was a clean and pleasant thing to look into.

. . . . . .

Doctor Chang was in Hongkong, and for this Callahan was deeply grateful. He could do the main job and leave the rest of it to the careful Chinaman. Chang had a modern home out Kowloon way.

"Say, Callahan, I'm stony. How much'll I need to get through this?" asked George.

"I charge you nothing, but Chang will want about five hundred dollars for his share. I'd get about a thousand."

"But I know nobody here."

"What's your bank down there?"

"Chartered Bank of India, branch."

Callahan had about four thousand still on his letter of credit. "Make out a check to me on that bank, and I'll give you the money."

"I've got fourteen thousand pounds—sixty thousand dollars—on deposit. Man, I offered you ten thousand, remember. I'm rich down that way. You'll get your thousand. Well, you mail the draft to your American bank,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

George was tender of heart. His plantation bungalow was a riot of parakeets and outcast dogs.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

and the cash'll be there when you get home."

So George Kenlowe went under the knife.

. . . . . .

Immediately before the first operation George was photographed. During the entire series he was photographed seven times, thus permitting anyone to note the progress made and the ultimate success. Callahan took these photographs for reference and for future lectures. Chang, being only an assistant, did not come in for copies; besides, he considered himself still a student in plastic surgery.

Under it all George exhibited amazing patience and stoicism. For a vigorous, healthy young man to sit still, to lie still, for weeks the way George did was torture. When his new face began to heal the itching fairly drove him mad. Then one day Callahan permitted him to look into a mirror. Slowly tears welled up in George's eyes.

"The kids won't run away now," was his sole comment.

Whether he had vaguely hoped to find an Adonis in the mirror will never be known. Still homely and scarred, but no longer hideous, in a crowd no one would pay any atten-

tion to him except to admire his colossal body.

Unexpectedly a cable came from America announcing the death of Callahan's father, and the surgeon became the son once more. He booked passage on the first steamer out, thoughtlessly carrying away with him all records of what George had once looked like. The scriptural records of Chang's remained; but as Chang latterly departed to visit his people, these records were of no use to George.

When he left Chang's house George was so filled with joy that he did not take the trouble to get a range; so, afterward, when he tried to find the house he could not.

He was guileless; he was also colossally ignorant of the general world, how it got about and conducted its affairs. He crossed to Hongkong in a sampan, his head filled with nonsense, dreams that trod on one another's heels. He stared into shop windows, impromptu mirrors. He walked the streets with the exultation of a Chinaman in Versailles. His eyes roved constantly for the old signs of horror. He saw none. He gave children pennies, and they swarmed about him. He dined at the hotel on the Peak, and the pretty women eyed him tranquilly. It was too much for George. One night the old lust for strong drink rolled over him and submerged him.

He awoke in a waterfront dive with only his clothes. But he was still happy; he saw his new face in the bar mirror, and he went forth into the morning without carrying any regrets. He was not the least worried about the future; he had his tremendous strength to offer for a competence.

He was pretty hungry by the time he landed his first job—a dock-walloper's—and the wage was trifling. The second job was a soft one—one of the deck crew on a passenger steamer making Shanghai. From there he shoveled coal to Singapore. At Singapore his money was about gone when a P. & O. boat picked him up as a stoker and set him down in Sydney. Not so far from home now.

III.

BETWEEN his exit from and his return to the Dutchman's, seven bewildering months passed. During this time he had talked to women, had learned to play poker, had drunk carefully, had lost much of his shyness, had had no fisticuffs because the toughest riff-raff along the various waterfronts had recognized the formidableness of his shoulders and because he had lost his belligerency. His face had toughened and had freckled considerably. His mouth had a humorous quirk where it had erstwhile had a sardonic. But he was still woefully ignorant of everything save copra, slice-bars, and tarry rope.

George's body was always clean; he wore clothes for modesty's sake; it was the one purpose of clothes, to his understanding. So his twill was soiled and garnished with grease spots, most of the buttons gone. His shoes were held to his feet by strings many times knotted. He was a good picture of a beachcomber, sober.

He stood in the Dutchman's doorway for a moment. Men looked up from their cards and beer, and then looked down again. George thrilled. There were three or four men he had roughly used aforetime—pretty fellows. There was no indication of alarm upon their faces. By these manifestations—engaging a few seconds—George understood that he was unrecognizable. He was delighted.

He hadn't a shilling in his pockets. Sheer joy had impelled him to cast his wages among the crew of the tramp that had brought him. But that worried him none at all. Within a few steps was the sum of sixty thousand dollars, all George Kenlowe's. He ran his tongue across his lips. He could feel the sharp little champagne bubbles dissolving crisply against his teeth. He approached the bar and leaned upon it.

"A bottle of Pommery, old bean, and not too cold," he said.

Herman eyed him calmly. He saw a huge man with a tanned face overlaid with astonishing freckles and a threadlike scar which ran from the right cheekbone to the corner of the mouth (where the puckered fire-scar had been); a rugged ordinary face, common enough in these latitudes where men sailed the seas and drank deep and threw away their wages.

The steadiness of this inspection provoked George to laughter. He thumped the bar.

"Wine, you old bilge! Didn't you hear me?"

"Forty shillings," replied Herman, indifferently.

George laughed. "I'll sign a chit for it, old bucket." He saw his face in the mirror, and laughed again. He couldn't blame Herman for his aloofness.

Herman frowned again. These fellows didn't demand drinks, they whined for them, usually.

"You brought your gall with you."

"Don't you know me?"

"Maybe I've seen you before; but I can't tell where."

George roared and pounded the moist bar with his fists. This was the best ever.

"Did you ever hear of George Kenlowe?"

"You know George?"—with sudden interest.

"Herman, you old son-of-a-seacook, *I am George!* Pass up that wine and I'll tell you about it."

THE South Sea is a queer world. Herman had heard what a wicked place the South Sea was; but *his* island being orderly, he concluded that the wickedness was on the other side of the horizon. But he agreed that the wickedness existed; he had read and heard tales of strange murders; and at this moment there was a sickening sensation in the pit of his stomach.

George Kenlowe was dead, and this fellow had George's shoes on. That is to say, he had murdered George and had arrived to lay claim to George's money and island. That he did not resemble George except in build was a mere detail. He would have a fine tale to wrap around this discrepancy. Even his voice wasn't George's. Hadn't George's Kanakas vowed their master was dead? Hadn't they hung about a week before sailing?

Herman had been fond of George, as fond as he could be of any human being. If George was dead, that would be the end of George's sovereigns so far as the Palms Hotel was concerned. Herman suddenly boiled with the lust of vengeance.

"No go," he said.

"Bring me a Chartered check, and maybe you'll recognize my fist," said George, who was enjoying himself hugely.

Herman produced the blank, pen and ink: and witnessed what he took to be the finest bit of forgery he had ever laid eyes on. He had cashed many a check for George in the past.

"Pretty good," he said. "But I know George, and I don't know you."

"But, damn it, *I'm* George. I went to Hongkong and had my face doctored. You remember that little redhead I had the row with? He was a surgeon, and took me to Hongkong."

So that was the story? Of course, the fellow had pumped the row out of George. Herman had heard about beauty doctors and women who had wrinkles removed. But a new face!

"You win, George," he said, putting a bottle of wine on the bar and rending his heart as he did so. It would be the first bottle of wine he had ever given away; but this impostor had to be held until the police could be summoned.

Filled with content, George slowly emptied his glass. He thought of the welcome of the Kanaka boys, the blacks; he thought of the beautiful old bungalow in which he had been born; of his dogs and parakeets; of women. He stared at his face in the mirror, and shook his head. It was almost too good to be true.

Meanwhile Herman laid his suspicions before the Government Commissioner.

In law the British are painstaking. They never say "Bosh" or "Pooh-hoo" beforehand. They seriously investigate. So it came to pass that a grand set-to took place in Herman's that night between the stolid police and the half demented George, resulting in George's internment in the island jail. Later he was investigated. Who was the surgeon? Callahan. What were his given names? George couldn't say. Where did he live? George couldn't remember. The thunderclap had stunned him. Where had they treated him in Hongkong? He couldn't recall. Where were the proofs of this extraordinary operation? Callahan had them.

THE next morning George remembered that Callahan lived in New York. The Commissioner wasn't impressed. He wanted spontaneous recollections. He was rather confused, however, when the bank admitted that the check issued to Herman, the Dutchman, was substantially that of George Kenlowe.

When they tested him about the island, George was sure of foot. He gave the names of the several pariah dogs he owned, the names of his Kanaka crew, his plantation boys. He even affirmed that in the first volume of *Les Miserables* they would find a mauve orchid he had pressed there. In the end they called in the crew, who denied George.

They ransacked the bungalow for a photograph of George, and, of course, found none. There was no way of comparing the new face with the old. The Kanakas swore that George's body was scarless; and the impostor had pink blotches over his back (where Callahan had taken the skin). Still, they could not prove anything, legally; neither could George, now thoroughly terrified.

George had languished in jail for two weeks, nobody in authority knowing exactly what to do with him, when the cashier of the Chartered made an astonishing discovery. A draft had come in and been paid, signed by George Kenlowe and indorsed by James Callahan. There was no doubt regarding the genuineness of this signature. The point was, there was a man named Callahan.

Presently the banker came to the Commissioner and offered a suggestion that was foursquare in common sense. This was to liberate the prisoner. Let him seek this Callahan and bring back absolute proofs that such an operation had taken place. If the proofs were flawless, the thousands on deposit would be restored to the prisoner's purposes; if the proofs were found to be insufficient, the prisoner to be tried for forgery and abduction. Meantime the Hongkong police were to be informed and asked to set into action the investigating machinery.

George, having direct affiliations with the bear held by the tail, was thereupon set free. He was warned not to set foot on his island

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This Is YOUR Chance to Make $100 a Week!

A Splendid Proposition Now Offered to Men and Women That Brings Amazing Profits for Delightful Work

Yes, if you want to make $100 a week clear, net, cash profit, this is your chance to do it.

I want to tell you how, without any training or experience, you can immediately begin to make money—how you can establish yourself in a big, profitable business, without investment, training or experience. I want to tell you how you can make at least $50 a week in spare time—how you can have a business of your own that will get bigger and more profitable day by day, how you can have hundreds of customers, an automobile of your own, and tremendous profits.

Anyone, Anywhere, Can Do It

I don't care what your experience has been. I don't care what kind of work you are doing now, nor how much you are making, how old you are, or whether you are a man or woman. My proposition is so simple, so easy, so square, and so clean-cut that you are bound to make a success of it.

$750—One Month's Profit

You can do as well as H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, whose earnings quickly reached $750 a month. You can start at once. Within a week your profits will be pouring in. Think! R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, cleared $80 in five hours. Jacob Myron, of Connecticut, made $13 his first afternoon. B. Collander cleared $40 in his first 24 hours of work. You can do as well as any of them.

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If you write at once, we will give you free all the facts about this great business. We will tell you how without investment, without training, you can immediately become our Authorized Representative in your territory and start making money.

350 Products

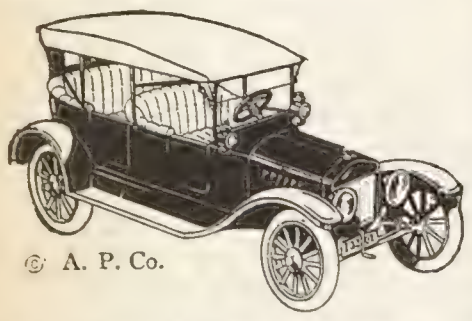
We are the originators and manufacturers of "ZANOL" Products. We make delicious Food Products that are wanted and needed in every home. We make Toilet Preparations, Soaps, Household and Laundry Necessities. We sell millions of products every year, direct from factory to customer. By this means we give greater values, fresher goods and lower prices than could be secured in stores. We have thousands of customers in every section of the United States. And we now want a Representative in your territory through whom our customers can send us their orders.

Accept This Offer

Never before have you been offered such a proposition as this. You can't fail. Our instructions are so clear and distinct, our proposition is so clean-cut and fair, that you are bound to make a success of it at once. Men and women who were formerly salesmen, bookkeepers, farmers, merchants, skilled and unskilled workmen, teachers, preachers—people with all sorts of training and experience—have found it an easy matter to make a big success as "ZANOL" Representatives.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will give you all the facts. You do not need to risk a penny. You do not need to agree to do anything, nor pay anything. You owe it to yourself to find out about this great proposition before it is too late. So write now. Just put your name and address on the coupon and mail it to me at once.



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We want you to realize that this is a high-grade proposition. We want to help you in every way to make large profits and we offer to provide a car without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this automobile without expense and from $10 to $20 a day in cash.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Albert Mills
President and General Manager

Dept. 1008 Cincinnati, Ohio

Mail This NOW

ALBERT MILLS, Pres.,
American Products Co.,
Dept. 1008, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me, without one cent of cost and without any obligation, complete details of your new plan by means of which I can make from $50 to $100 a week.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Write Plainly)

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

and to clear out on the first boat available.

The joy was suddenly gone out of him; he became still and menacing. Every drop of blood in him cried out for swift vengeance.

Nobody offered him food or shelter, and he was broke. So he stole coconuts, mangoes, plantains—poor fuel for such a considerable engine as he carried about. He slept on the beach, under a dog tent of palm leaves.

IV.

ONE day a splotched old tramp rattled her mudhook into the blue bay. George stood on the jetty for an hour or more, waiting for some of the crew to come ashore. By and by a boat put off, and George hailed the officer as he stepped ashore. He quickly got a place in the stokehole.

So George's second Odyssey began. As the screw began to churn, he shook a fist at the dusky town, now powdered with lights, then went below to sweat terrifically for four hours. He was the only white man in the hole. He swore tremendously at the stringy Lascars to establish the superiority of the race. But after the first night he became a silent, taciturn man; all the way up to Batavia he spoke only when spoken to.

At Batavia his luck changed. He was given a slice bar on a big steamer bound for New York.

George gave not the slightest attention to the touring passengers. At Hongkong he nearly lost his ship scouting around Kowloon in search of Doctor Chang's house. He asked question of nobody, believing that a direct search would save time. Of course, he couldn't find Chang, and reached the wharf just in time to catch the last tender out to the ship.

In all this time George had not touched strong drink; but he felt that there was a grand bender somewhere in the offing.

After many weeks he landed in New York, his full pay in his pocket. He was still without dunnage, so he went forth into the city in his dirty dungarees in search of Callahan: by reading the signs on the windows! Finally he was forced to ask a policeman where Doctor Callahan lived.

"Look in the telephone book," he was advised. "You'll find one in any drug store."

. . . . . .

Callahan had to break his narrative many times: for the bridge arguments in another corner to die down, for a drink, for a fresh pipe, for a word to a passerby. So the smokeroom lights were on by now.

"You see," said Callahan, filling his pipe for the sixth time. "George wasn't a moron; simply a lot of brain cells had not been developed by experience. Your experience would have told you how to get back to Chang's; your experience would have warned you that you must carry documentary evidence of the thing that had been done to you. George had spent his life between the two islands and knew about as much of the world as a six-year-old."

"I'm not a careless man, but I'm forgetful. What I mean is, when I'm through with a case I forget it. Ordinarily, realizing George's peculiar case, I'd have instructed him. I had had a tough blow from my father's death. Still, I shouldn't have forgot. We no longer have our consulting offices in the house; the majority of us, anyhow. We rent suites in skyscrapers, and no one gets by the outer office except by appointment.

"One morning my typewriter girl came rushing in, pale as a sheet and gaping like a fish.

"'What's the matter?' I asked.

"'Out there' . . .

"'Well, what's out there?' I asked irritably.

"'A terrible man, like a coal heaver! He says he's going to kill you!'

"'Kill me! What for?'

"'He's crazy!'

"'You stay here,' I said, 'and I'll see him.'

"IT was Kenlowe, and a dreadful looking object he was. When he saw me he gave a 'Ha!' that made the floor vibrate. On my word, not even then did I suspect what the trouble was.

"'So I've found you!' he cried, reaching out toward me with both paws. 'Well, you put the old mug back on me, or I'll kill you!'

"'But I can't do that, man! What's brought you here? Your face looks all right.'

"Suddenly he plopped into a chair and began to sob.

"'Man, what's happened to you?'

"He looked up. 'You went away without leaving me any proofs of what you'd done to me. The British are holding my island and my money because they think I've killed George Kenlowe.'

"Then it was my turn to plop into a chair. Then I got the photos, the history of the case, swore out an affidavit before the British Consul, and lent George a thousand dollars." Callahan laughed.

"Did he get home all right?"

"He certainly did. The next day I got a fine shock. George was in jail. He'd got soused on bootlegger hootch, banged up seven policemen, two of whom were in the hospital. George was broke, of course. I bailed him out and lent him another thousand, and he straightway jumped his bail.

"You see, George hasn't paid me back that money. I've written for it; and each time he writes back for me to come and get it. So I'm going down there to get it. Well, there goes the dinner gong."

THE END

In poverty there is, at least, freedom from a hundred things that beset the well-to-do.

The Privileges of Poverty

The Poor Man Is the Trained Athlete in a World of Soft and Lazy Rivals He's Bound to Win if He Uses the Lessons of Adversity!

By DR. FRANK CRANE

Pictures by OSCAR CESARE

As a lad John D. Rockefeller Sr. tramped the streets for weeks in search of a job.

DR. FRANK CRANE needs no introduction to our readers. His name has become a household word in American homes. Long ago he went from the pulpit, where he reached only a few, to the newspapers and magazines, from which he speaks to the whole world.

His inspiring articles are now appearing in more than a hundred newspapers in the United States and its possessions. Furthermore, his writings are being printed in the daily newspapers of England, South Africa, Australia, and Japan.

IT SEEMS to me rather a queer thing that, while it is the effort of successful men to escape from poverty and obtain riches, yet riches are far from being a blessing to youth.

In other words, so far as getting rich is concerned, if we may believe Mr. Carnegie and others:

"You are damned if you do and damned if you don't."

Poverty seems to be something that no one would undertake willingly. We pray to be rescued from its dominion, because it is only in riches that life has an opportunity to expand. And yet the very thing we pray to be delivered from seems to be good for us.

Just what are the privileges of poverty?

In the first place, poverty insures us discipline. Nothing is so good for the character as that. You cannot develop unless you are accustomed to restrain yourself, and to that self-indulgence is not conducive.

We may take as typical the case of the late Andrew Carnegie. It is related by the chroniclers of his life that, when a mere child, he was cast into the deepest gloom by the straitened circumstances into which his family fell. He used to clench his tiny fists and resolve to give those dear ones every luxury when he got to be a man.

Another typical case is that of John D. Rockefeller Sr. As a lad he tramped the streets for weeks in search of a job that seemed ever to elude him. Company after company refused to give him even a trial. At last he secured a position in which he got fifty dollars for his first three months' labor, and he was glad to get that much! If he had stepped straight from a princely college dormitory into easy, well paying work, would he be today one of the owners of the earth?

The biographies of John Jacob Astor, founder of the vast Astor fortunes, tell how he went to New York, young, unknown, in poverty—how he looked up at a row of fine new houses, then the pride of Broadway, and said to himself:

"I'll build, one day or other, a greater house than *any* of these!"

And he did! But what if he had been born into a "great house"? Would he have had the same incentive? Most assuredly no.

Poverty was the goad that thrust each of these supermen into power.

Poverty also is the parent of hardness.

It is found that those who have bestowed upon them all the money they want are soft. Their natures lack the resilience by which they are enabled to wrestle with the world.

Poverty is not a curse. Rather is it an opportunity and a hard school out of which, if a man be sent early enough, he shall come with the kind of training he needs. Poverty, indeed, has a tendency to break those who cannot stand its teachings. Its training is severe. Tens of thousands remain in poverty, totally unable to advance from it.

Perhaps luck has something to do with success, but a great many of the advantages of luck consist in being alert enough to take opportunity by the forelock. This alertness comes only from the training of poverty.

ONE of the privileges of poverty is that it enables a man to discover his true friends. Any kind of prosperity is apt to bring to him those who are selfish and scheming. Only the man who is "broke" discovers his real friends.

Another of the privileges of poverty is that a man is compelled to live every day in the presence of things which threaten him. Hunger and cold are at his door, and it seems only in the presence of constant danger that his best qualities, or, at least, his strongest, are called forth. Danger is the one thing we are constantly running away from, and yet it is the one thing we need.

Poverty is like pain. No one welcomes it and all flee from it, yet it is necessary in the scheme of things.

In poverty there is, at least, freedom. This means freedom from a hundred things that tend to beset the well to do. There are many who are rich in this world's goods yet who are confined by them. They cannot move easily, but when a man can pack up all that he has on his back it is not difficult for him to move.

Thus, in oriental countries are to be found better travelers than in the West: men who beg their sustenance by the wayside and go from place to place with the utmost freedom.

Those who have traveled much know that the greatest impediment to traveling is baggage, and those least encumbered—those who are poorest—can travel most easily.

OF course, there is a good deal of cant about the advantages of poverty, but no more than about the advantages of pain or any other kind of obstacle to our well-being. Poverty is an advantage simply because it is an obstacle. It is something to overcome. If there is no force in the unfit and they give way, it is a question if it is not a good thing for poverty to eliminate them.

Life is a struggle, and only those who struggle hardest get the most out of it. Those for whom living is made easy fail to develop strength of character.

We come to grips with a vital problem when we consider the fact that only a desire to accumulate riches spurs most men to any sort of activity at all—and the other fact that these riches, once people have won them, do not seem to do their children any good.

It is the natural tendency of parents to want their children to have an easier time than they themselves had; hence they are inclined to coddle them.

Those are wise parents who do not overload their children with the blessings they have never earned, who curb the impulse to shower upon their sons and daughters advantages which they themselves never had. For it is in the winning of these advantages that children acquire strength, independence, and stalwartness of character.

An illustration of the evil effects of too much money is seen in the murderers of the Franks boy in Chicago. There is no question but that these boys were spoiled by too much

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This Cleans The Hair

as nothing else can do

"I always have a lemon rinse after a shampoo. It is the only way to really clean the hair."

Kathleen Key

Miss Key is playing the part of "Tirzah" in the Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer production, "Ben Hur."

WHETHER your hair is bobbed or long, rinse it with lemon juice next time you wash it—and note the difference in the hair—how clean it feels—how much prettier it looks.

The juice of two lemons to an ordinary wash-bowl full of water, is the recipe.

The lemon cuts a soap curd that a shampoo always leaves. Ordinary rinsing, even if repeated with plain water, doesn't take it out.

Only hair so rinsed is really sweet and clean.

Ask beauty parlors to use lemon when they wash your hair.

You'll like the looks—you'll like the feeling of your hair.

Get a dozen lemons now and keep them handy for this purpose.

California lemons, practically seedless and high in acid content, are best for the rinse.

California Fruit Growers Exchange.
Sec. R-301 Los Angeles, California.
Please send me free book, "Toilet Uses For The Lemon," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name .....

Street .....

City.....State.....

Beauty

A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

money. In their case their abnormalities were increased by riches, and would have been cured by poverty, at least to some extent.

Though poverty is in its effect a spur to ambition, considered solely in itself it is and will always remain a curse. It means a lack of that which we all crave: abundance and freedom of movement.

But the term poverty will have to be enlarged to mean not only lack of money but scantiness of the other necessary attributes of life. Measured by this standard, those poor in money may yet be rich.

For instance, there is poverty of intelligence. This throws us into the arms of ignorance, which is always a hard and cruel master.

There is poverty of heart, which is still worse. It means the inability to love strongly and greatly. Love has its tragedies, but they are outweighed by its compensations. This is true to such an extent that it is just to say that he who has never loved has never lived.

Then there is poverty of health, which is the cause of much poverty of mind and spirit.

These forms of poverty are more distressing than poverty of money. We can get along in the world without owning, but we cannot get along without health and knowledge and love.

In this sense there are no privileges of poverty. Indeed, there are only privileges in a money poverty which calls forth the resources of personality. Poverty of life itself is bareness and waste.

RICHES are a relative thing. Too much wealth can stifle the soul just as too little can diminish the resources of life. In this respect we are shown that the happy life is, after all, a balance. Too many things can smother us just as too few can starve us and render life ignoble because we have to devote so much attention to petty material wants.

It is easier to put away useless things than never to have had them. A true independence is found by being independent of outward things. To reach this goal one must go through voluntary abnegation if he has too many things and thus, by deliberately choosing poverty, he is enabled to enrich himself—that is, his inner forces.

It has long been known that the spiritual life can be crowded out by too much of the material life. The experience of those who have undergone voluntary poverty for the sake of spiritual strength illustrates for us the spiritual advantages of self-denial.

The saying of Goethe is true, whether we possess things or not:

"Renounce, renounce, thou must renounce."

There is no greatness without renunciation of some sort—no nobility of character to be achieved without poverty, whether it be forced upon us or whether we deliberately choose it.

Always a certain amount of austerity has characterized great men. When we read the lives of such as Frederick the Great and see how, although they were surrounded by every luxury, they themselves lived in the sternest simplicity, we are forcefully reminded that in the development of character it is simplicity that counts.

On one occasion a great man said he had no valet, as it was his constant struggle to attend to all of his personal wants himself and to reduce the necessities of life to their minimum. Contrast this with that saying of a French wit, "Give me the luxuries of life and I will dispense with the necessities."

For there are those to whom luxuries have become necessities. They have grown so dependent upon the extravagances with which they are surrounded that they cannot live without them.

WE always admire a man who is above his pleasures and those who, no matter how they are surrounded by luxury, can gladly go without it. It is an indication that the man is greater than his surroundings and a proof that he is not dominated by them. And this is what we always desire in our heroes: that they have greatness of soul and not merely greatness of position.

It depends on ourselves whether poverty is to attack us at the beginning or at the end of life. Those who make their beginnings in poverty and their end in ease are more respected than those who begin with plenty and end in misery. For struggling with the handicap of want at the beginning is not so bad if we overcome it, while poverty, if it overcomes us, is bitterly humiliating.

We must be great souls, indeed, if we come up out of poverty unstained, for it has its meannesses and littlenesses which are apt to cling to us. If, in our early days of want, we are forced to inquire into the cost of all things we form a habit hard to break later in life. And one who has spent his youth in luxury will have a carelessness about details which is lacking in one who has spent his youth in want.

If poverty is overcome, therefore, there should be an equal overcoming in our own souls lest, having landed in luxury and plenty, we retain the old smallnesses. It is as if a man had to make himself over and break himself of habits that have become necessary to his success but are embarrassing once success is attained.

THE END

When You Think You're "Yellow" Cheer Up! — It's Your Liver That's Out of Order!

It isn't a lack of courage. It's his liver.

The Organ That Makes You a QUITTER

By JAMES W. BARTON, M. D.

Pictures by HERBERT BOHNERT

DOCTOR BARTON and HIS WORK

DOCTOR BARTON has always been identified with problems of health and athletics. For the last sixteen years he has been physical director at the University of Toronto, and he is the official medical examiner for the Ontario Boxing Commission.

As medical director of the Canadian Health Service Institute, Doctor Barton gives the same straight and sane advice he gives to readers of his articles in Liberty.

YOU have been thinking over a business deal for some days. You have figured it out from every angle, and it looks all right. You go to bed feeling that your mind is made up, and that you'll go ahead with it. But the next day you feel just a little less enthusiastic about it. You go over the same arguments, for and against, but the arguments for don't seem quite so sound, while the arguments against have grown just a bit bigger in your mind.

The following day the arguments against have assumed such large proportions that you decide to drop the project. You quit.

Perhaps you are a housewife, and have about decided upon certain plans for the home. You have thought and thought about it, but just as you had determined to go through with it you begin to waver, and finally abandon the idea. You feel yourself to be a quitter.

You may be a young man, just on the point of asking some young woman to marry you. You sit up one evening with her and decide that she is more to be desired than anyone or anything else in the world. The next evening you sit alone and try to figure out whether you are really wise in taking such an important step at this time. You think so hard and so long that you decide to postpone things for a time at least.

You realize, with shame, that you are really a quitter.

What is the significant point in this quitting business? Well, when you were at your best, mentally and physically, you decided to go ahead. Didn't you?

When you felt yourself a quitter, what about it? You were certainly feeling mighty miserable, were you not? But, of course, you attributed the misery, blueness, to the weight of the arguments that persuaded you not to go ahead. Was that what made you quit? No!

I know that you think it was your brain, your intellect. That you had really figured it all out so clearly, so sensibly, that the rejection of the idea was the wise course.

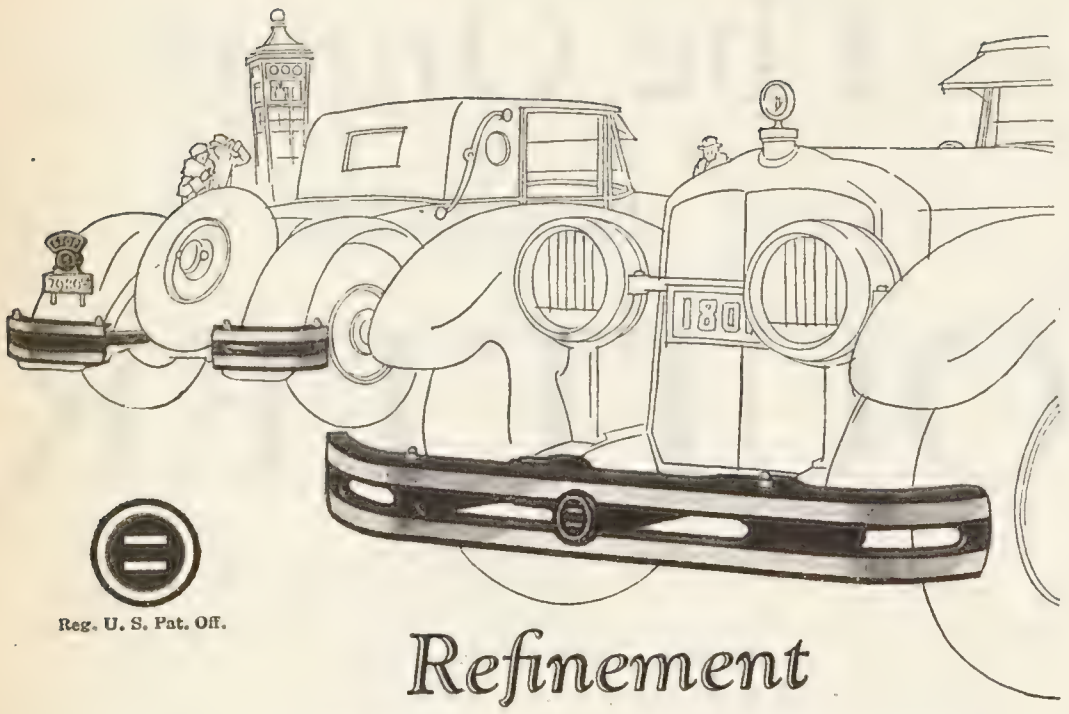
But your brain acted as it did because another big organ simply dominated your brain, actually had it whipped into submission.

DO you know that the largest gland or organ in your body is your liver; that it weighs four to five pounds in life? Do you know that it colors, literally and figuratively, your whole existence? That its product—the bile—is not only yellow in appearance, but if it is not flowing properly, flows in the wrong direction up into the stomach instead of down into the intestine, or gets into the tissues proper, that you actually turn yellow in appearance?

Do you know that your life stream—your

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You become a quitter when the liver is not working. That's the story of "yellowness."



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Refinement

THE nickeled embossed ribs of the Federal Metropolitan, extending like silver bars, contrast richly with the black satin finish.

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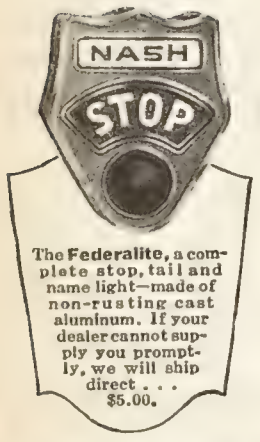

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All Children Love Its
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Mother!

Your Constipated Child Needs "California Fig Syrup"

Hurry Mother! Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

blood—actually spends more time there than anywhere else in the body? That the weight of the blood in the organ during activity is almost as much as the organ itself?

Do you know also that these very emotions of yours, these thoughts about your business, your home, your love affair, can so affect the nerves of the liver that the organ, as a whole, quits work or goes "on strike," as it were?

Can you get then some idea of what that means when you think of the amount and kind of work that organ is doing? Remember, it is full of blood, more blood in it than anywhere else in the body, and this blood is handing over to it materials from which it makes that wonderful juice—the bile. This bile breaks up fats and prevents poisoning of the body.

And this same blood is also handing over to the liver starchy substances which the liver stores up, and gives out to the system as sugar, whenever sugar is needed. Remember further, that poisons that you take into your system, when they reach the liver are rendered perfectly harmless, just as long as the liver is working. In fact, the reason some men can use so much tobacco without apparent injury is that this wonderful organ can take hold of the nicotine and so change its nature that no harm is done to the system.

And even big meat eaters, who do little or no manual work, or who take no exercise, are prevented from having severe indigestion and kidney trouble because this wonderful organ takes care of the wastes in its own way.

WITH the waste from meats safely out of the system, you are free from many of the aches and pains that are caused by the poisoning of uric acid. With your liver "on strike," you can see what is going to happen with the accumulation of these waste products in your blood. Thus if you have been worrying and so made the liver quit working, or have overeaten, particularly of fats, and likewise put it out of commission, what is going to happen? It isn't hard to figure out what will happen.

Your bile which should be flowing down into the intestine just doesn't do it, that's all. It may flow upward into your stomach and give you that bitter taste, furred tongue, a feeling of nausea, and, fortunately for you, no desire for food.

That means that the fatty foods you eat remain undigested because they are not split up as they would be if the bile were present. It means further that the fats ferment—due to the lack of the anti-fermentative action of the bile. A step further, it also means

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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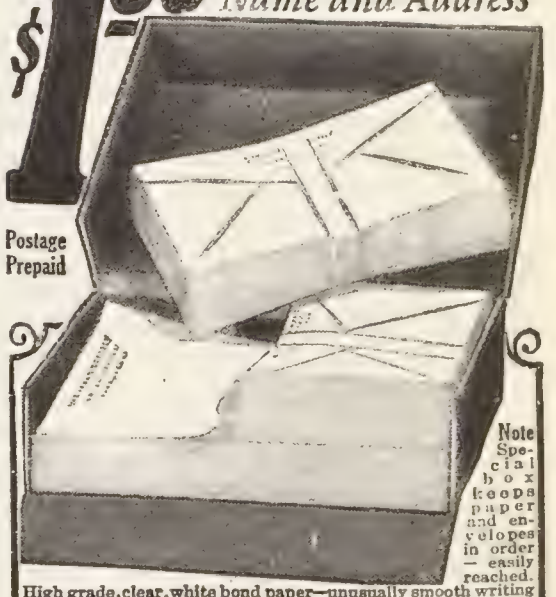

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that these undigested and fermenting fats lie in the intestine without moving along, because of the lack of bile which stimulates action.

In addition, the bile actually helps the digestion of the other foodstuffs—meats and vegetables—because it keeps them from being too acid in their nature. The bile, as you see, prevents acidosis. And still another wonderful thing about the bile is that after it has done its duty in splitting up the fats, the blood takes it back to the liver to be used over again. It is not finished when it does its work once. It is just like the extra team of horses that are used to help another team draw a load up a hill, and after the load is at the top, returns to help up the next load.

Thus you become a quitter when you stop your liver working by worry or overeating.

YOU are simply a poisoned individual, who, although conscious of everything, and able to do his work mechanically, nevertheless is not responsible for his actions.

The reason is that your powerful defensive organ—the liver—is not working. Because the bile, the sweetener of the intestinal contents, being "off the job," allows the foods, particularly the fats, to ferment and thus poison your blood stream. This blood, poisoned blood, is the blood that is up nourishing your brain, your will power, your desire to achieve. What chance has it to make you feel like tackling things? None! Your energy is gone. Because poisoned blood makes mighty poor brain or other cells of the body. Isn't that true?

So if you find yourself falling down in your aggressiveness, your pluck or courage, "slipping," as it is often called, it may be because your liver is for the time being—hours, days, weeks—being asked to do a lot of work with too much and the wrong kind of foods, while at the same time your worrying center is sending impulses that prevent it doing its work.

It may not quit entirely, but it is certainly on "short time," when it should be working "full time." There's the whole story of your "yellowness." And the remedy?

The simplest thing in the world. You just do without food for a couple of days. You'll live through it all right. And then you make the bile flow from the liver and gall bladder into the intestine, that is, get it to flow in the proper direction.

This can be done in the way nature intended you to do it. You were meant to move the middle third of your body whether you believe it or not. Your work doesn't require much bending of the body so that the following simple movement will squeeze the liver and also cause bile to flow.

Keep feet together and firmly on the ground, knees *straight*. Keep your body straight in line with your legs, and bend over to right side as far as you can, then straighten up and bend over to left side, then over to right side, and so forth.

Do this about ten times to each side, night and morning.

Your doctor may give you the old efficient remedy, calomel and salts. That is all right, for emergency, but doing without food for two days and the simple exercise above will correct the condition and keep it corrected.

As a matter of fact, the liver is so soft that every organ in the vicinity can make a "dent" in it. So you can imagine what a few good "squeezes" will do to it.

So with your liver getting no worry signals from the brain, no overloading of the stomach, and your bile flowing freely, you'll be ready to tackle things. You'll be no "quitter," because you will be yourself.

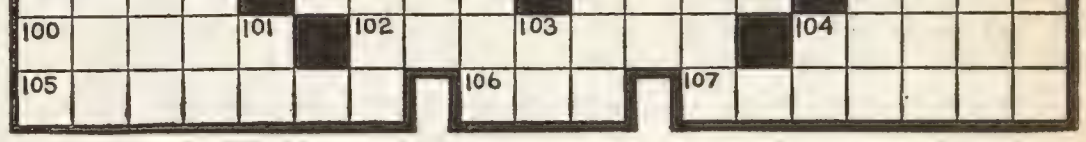
You will be "in your right mind."

THE END

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle

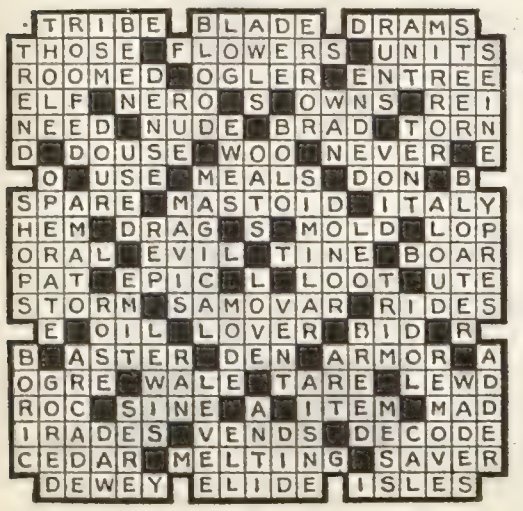
No. 10

TRY this puzzle on your dictionary. Vertical word Number 3, defined as "to be deprived of," is "lose." The second letter in "lose" is the third letter in horizontal word Number 16, which is defined as "solitary." "Alone" is the answer. With this two word start you ought to have the whole thing correct when you check up with the solution in next week's Liberty. Don't send in your answers.



HORIZONTAL

1 Roofs of mouths
7 To swing to and fro
10 Ecstasy
16 Solitary
17 A large genus of ranunculaceous plants
20 Made of a cereal grain
21 Hindmost
22 A comparatively thick plate or slice
23 The measurable aspect of duration
25 One who is a nuisance
26 Part of "to be"
27 Nutritious seeds of a fabeceous herb
28 Human organs
29 A title of respect
30 Centimeter [abbr.]
32 The first man
34 An infection of the skin
36 A part of the Western Hemisphere
37 A portion of a curved line
39 Sloped
41 To wager
43 One who delivers from destruction
46 Stains
47 To lament
49 A liquid medicinal preparation
51 The European wild boar and its allies
52 A picnic
53 A metal
54 Earthy matter composed of clay and sand
56 An invisible emanation from a substance
57 The complete self
59 The King of Bashan [Biblical]
60 A particularity
61 The Egyptian sun god
62 A definite article
64 A proofreader's term
65 A lake in North America
67 To rot or injure by exposure
68 Figures of speech
70 An exclamation of surprise
72 Invests
74 A line drawn on a map to connecting places at which the mean height of the barometer, corrected to sea level, is the same
75 Weights of eastern Asia
77 Ostentatious
79 An habitual drunkard
80 Belts
82 To supply with labor
83 In such a manner
85 Lairs
86 Prefix meaning "against"
88 The primeval chaos deified in Egyptian cosmogony
89 A vase
91 That which binds
92 A punctuation mark
93 A humorous verbal quibble
94 A ferocious animal
96 An early home of the human race
98 A seed
99 A small skin tumor
100 To prepare for mortising
102 An obliteration
104 Poetry
105 Slim
106 A jewel
107 Flapped violently, as a loose sail



Answer to Puzzle No. 9

VERTICAL

1 Royal residences
2 To arouse to vigilance
3 To be deprived of
4 An insect
5 Symbol for tellurium
6 Preparations of herbs, vegetables, or fruit
7 A texture woven by an insect
8 Exist
9 Procured
10 To recommit
11 A river in Italy
12 To strike gently
13 Indians of a Shoshonean tribe
14 Substance used in making varnish
15 To board a train
18 Nose guards of helmets
19 Daughters of one's brother or sister
22 Large body of water
24 Before
31 Inscribed
33 Representations of the surface of the earth
34 Siamese coin [plural]
35 A prefix signifying "half"
37 A river running through Stratford, England
38 To wind spirally
40 Promoted growth
41 A Greek letter
42 To harmonize in color
44 Dismounts
45 A male fowl
47 A carrion beetle [first name]
48 To start a fight
50 Backs of necks
52 Bizarre
53 A small child
55 Assembled
56 A beverage
58 A cereal grain
63 God of love
64 Expectorated
66 A Dutch pressed cheese
67 A part of harness
69 A musical instrument
70 Instruments used in propelling boats
71 Spanish cooking vessel
73 Mountain range in Russia
74 Gross indignities
75 Inflammable substance
76 Telegraph transmitter
78 Frequented by ghosts
80 Distinction of a word according to sex
81 Gazes
84 A bay window
85 The female deer
87 A distinctive theory
88 One who cares for the sick
90 No one
93 The dividing of the hair
95 A negative prefix
97 To annoy by petty fault finding
98 To make sticky
99 Covered with water
101 A northern State [abbrev.]
103 A point of the compass
104 A southern State [abbrev.]

The TYPIST

Are You Discontented on $25 a Week? Then Take Comfort in This Backward Look at the Age When Royalty Had Neither Toothbrushes nor Bathrooms, and Wore Wigs to Cover Dowdy Heads

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

Elizabeth could witness cock fighting.

MARY BRANDON, who receives twenty-five dollars a week from the Chicago Amalgamated Screw Machine Company for acting as secretary to Mr. J. V. Frothingham, its vice president and general manager, pushed by the gateman at the Northwestern station and swung aboard the rear platform of the departing 5:27 just as the wheels began to move.

Through the smoking car Mary hastened, and dropped exhausted into the seat which her bosom friend and confidante, Helen Ferguson, had been holding against the reproachful glances and open demands of numerous other homeward-bound travelers.

"Oh, *my dear,*" said Mary between labored breaths, "I thought surely I would miss you! I have had the most exciting afternoon. Do you know, it's almost impossible to get a decent marcel? You would think if *anybody* could do one, it would be Betcher's. The Lord knows they charge enough, but believe me——"

"Well, if you think that Betcher's is bad," Helen interposed, "you ought to try——"

"But, believe me," Mary continued, the interruption smothered in the conversational whirlwind of her rising ire, "I'm through! And speaking about Betcher's, have you ever had one of their manicures? Well, my dear, I thought she was going to amputate my hand! I asked her whether she had a customer for my nails. She seemed so set on cutting them out at the roots! And, say, did you ever see anything like the taxi service? You know when I got out of the office I tried to catch a cab, and, on the square! you would have thought my money was Dutch! I stood on the curbstone and not one of those brutes would pay the least attention to me! And you can see yourself how hard it is raining even now."

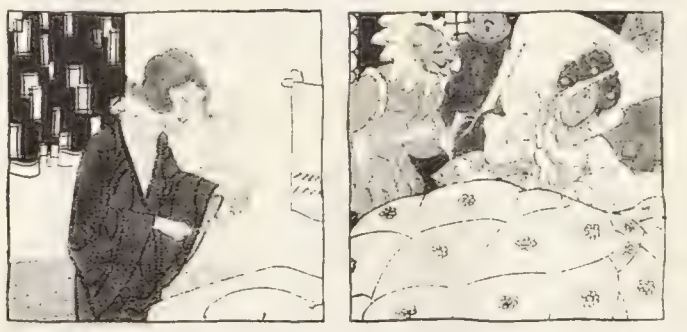
"It is awful," agreed Helen, in a slightly bored tone. "It was just like that when Jack and I came out of the theater the other——"

"Yes, I know, you were telling me," Mary resumed. "And that reminds me—I haven't got a thing to wear tonight! I don't know what I shall *do!* Maybe I can get mother——"

"Yes, my dear, and that reminds *me,*" Helen interjected emphatically, "Were you able to find a hat? You know I looked all over this *town,* and I haven't been able to get a *thing.* I think the hats this year are atrocious! I——"

But let us not eavesdrop further upon this more or less intimate conversation.

To Rafael Sabatini, the famous historian and novelist, is attributed the remark that the average twenty-five dollar a week stenographer lives better today than a queen of the Sixteenth Century.



Mary's teeth remain white. If Elizabeth's ached, there was nothing to do but pull them out.

It is perhaps natural enough that the fair amanuenses of our industries should not appreciate fully the benefactions which civilization has bestowed—as will appear, perhaps, from the conversation of Mary and Helen.

But let us examine conditions of life in the two periods. Let us contrast the manner of Mary Brandon's existence (and there are, of course, millions of Marys scattered over the length and breadth of the land) with the existence of Queen Elizabeth, who commanded every luxury that her day could be made to afford.

Mary Brandon, a part of whose conversation we have just overheard, lives with her parents possibly in a suburb of Chicago. So, perhaps, she is too favorably situated to afford us the drastic basis of comparison we desire. Accordingly, we will imagine another Mary Brandon, who lives in one of the most congested sections of town.

Mary is usually awakened by her alarm clock to find her freshly laundered silk undies draped over a singing radiator. The polished floor of her hall bedroom is covered with a warm tinted rug. Hot and cold water await the twist of a faucet. Her toilet is a matter of a few deft movements which bring into play the machinery of the municipal water system and the electric power company. When she enters the bathroom down the hall she visits a realm of conveniences unknown to the queen. A hundred years after Elizabeth, Louis XIV. spent the equivalent of $100,000,000 or more in building his palace at Versailles. The cast iron water pipes which brought water to the fountains are the basis of much of the modern engineering that makes our lives so livable. But those pipes carried no water into the palace for the convenience of the king. A rub down with woolen cloths, perfumes, and greases was his substitute for the steaming tub.

After freshening the curls in her bob with her electric curling iron, Mary turns another switch and starts her electric coffee percolator. The electric iron which pressed her undies the night before is turned upside down and made to boil an egg. Cereal is steaming in a chafing dish and an electric toaster is crisping slices of bread.

Kicking off her mules and shedding her kimono, Mary slips on her silk stockings, which she washes every night by the simple trick of turning on the hot water and stirring to a creamy lather a teaspoonful of soap flakes.

Her elastic girdle, of a dainty fabric that Queen Elizabeth never saw, and rubber, of which she never heard, is followed by a washable princess slip and a one-piece business dress. She completes the job by stepping into her trim office pumps.

Mary—a singing radiator.

The queen, awakened by a serving woman, greeted the day in a vast room, poorly heated by a wood fire on a great hearth. With the wind in the right

The bathroom . . . a realm of convenience unknown to the queen.

and the QUEEN

By LUCILE PITTMAN LEECH

The movie houses serve Mary history.

quarter, the chimney drew very well. The floor was strewn with rushes.

A troop of tirewomen and a corps of ladies in waiting encrusted her in a cumbersome linen chemise, a heavily boned corset, several linen petticoats, and then a "privie coat" framed of bone and bound in buckram, upon which they hung the voluminous farthingale. Two stout tirewomen were usually needed to lace the "privie coat" to obtain the desired hip curves. The stout canvas lining of the farthingale was buoyed out by whalebone ribs and covered with taffeta. More petticoats followed, as was befitting an era of petticoat government, topped by a final underskirt of bombazine, woven of Far Eastern fabrics, available only to queens and dames of high degree. As to stockings, the queen probably "had it on" the typist. They were of the finest grade of heavy imported silk, ornamented with gold clocking or more fanciful designs. The outer gown, of rich velvets, satins, or silks, was of course more elaborately and painstakingly fashioned than the business or evening frock of the stenographer.

Mary dons a princess slip. Tirewomen encrusted Elizabeth in a heavily boned corset.

MARY'S makeup is a matter of only a few minutes. While dressing, a vanishing cream base has softened her skin. Powder, rouge, and lipstick are then applied.

The queen's emollients were all greasy. Despite assistance, the application of the powder and paint took much time and was subject to frequent revision and also debate among the attendants. The chalk was coarse and the paint crude. They worked havoc with her complexion, but her subjects never saw it.

Elizabeth—a wood fire.

The queen's vanity case was of gold, encrusted with crudely cut jewels, but could not compare with Mary's $2.50 arsenal of beauty; which has a more accurate mirror, and cosmetics scientifically adapted to the health of the skin. Mary's wrist watch outclasses the egg-shaped timepiece imported for the queen from Nuremberg. The imitation and novelty jewelry available to the typist, superficially at least, set off her points and profile better than the heavy necklaces, bracelets, and earrings of the queen.

Mary's morning session with her manicure tools supplements one professional treatment a week at the beauty parlor. The queen's nails were clipped even as her horses' hoofs were shod, but beyond that there was little done. Portraits of court ladies disclose the little smudge under the nails, which shows that the artists considered it the proper thing.

Bales of wigs, mostly red, and frequently embellished with gold netting and jewels, enabled the queen to get along without the marvelous technique of modern hair dressing.

Mary's toilet soaps are practically free of alkali. The queen had soap for face and hands, but the wood ashes employed in its manufacture made it pretty hard on the skin. Most of it was imported. There was no soap for the royal laundresses, who were driven to many curious expedients in the effort to whiten the mountains of royal linen. Grease spots on the queen's velvets were calamities. Mary may buy for 25 cents at any drug store liquids which will clean her dress or cloak.

No matter how many chocolates Mary eats, her teeth remain white and her gums pink and firm, thanks to the brush, floss, and tooth creams, unknown to the queen. Elizabeth doted on jelly, sweetened by the crude brown sugars then coming into Europe from the Indies. Her teeth were badly discolored. If they ached, there was nothing to do but pull them out. There was no anesthetic or gas for her or anybody else.

Mary has at her disposal all the resources of American dentistry, one of the most American of the professions, by the way.

Hospitals and the cumulative results of centuries of discovery in medical and surgical science are at Mary's command, free if she be penniless. The doctors were just finding out that the blood circulated when Elizabeth was queen. The medieval hospitals founded when men devoted their lives to building religious structures, had become so infected with

germs after centuries of use, with no knowledge of microscopic life or antiseptics, that they were killing instead of healing. Diagnosis of royal ills was frequently attempted by casting an astrological horoscope and ascertaining the relative positions of sun, moon, and stars. Flow of blood in surgical operations was stopped by searing the wound with a red hot iron.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, doubtless as the result of the countless prayers in her behalf by the clergy whom she appointed to their jobs, escaped the plague that killed a large part of her subjects. A strong constitution inherited from fighting forbears enabled her to survive the smallpox, but it is believed that she was an invalid for a large part of her life, and only her iron will enabled her to act her kingly part, after disease had weakened her.

If Mary marries and becomes a mother, she will escape an ordeal which would have awaited Elizabeth had she chosen a mate. Mary will be whisked to a hospital in an easy-riding automobile and cared for privately, under germproof conditions. Royal children were born in public, before a mob of nobility, male and female, politicians, clergy, and servants, with the air full of possible infection, the walls unwashed and death lurking under the finger nails of doctors and nurses.

Mary's self-made breakfast may seem simple, but at any first-class cafeteria there is available to her appetite and purse a variety of food which would have bewildered a Tudor queen. To attempt to list the fruits, vegetables, meats, pastries, and prepared foods

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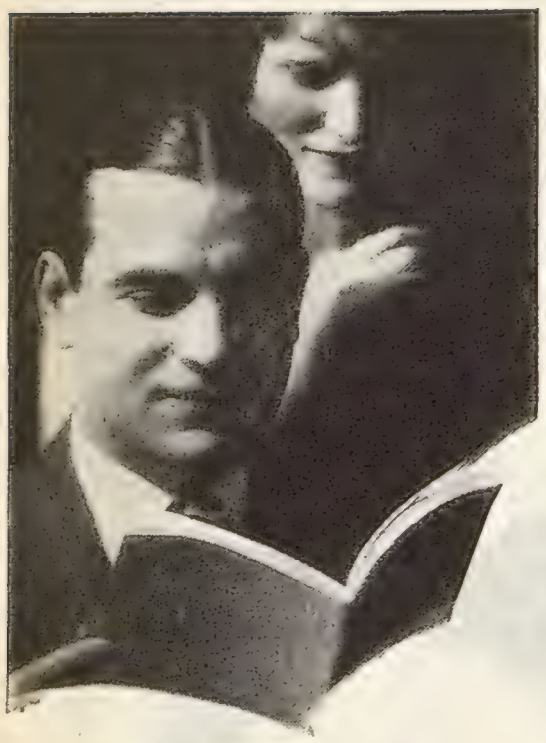
The queen played tennis. Nearly every American girl can find a court.



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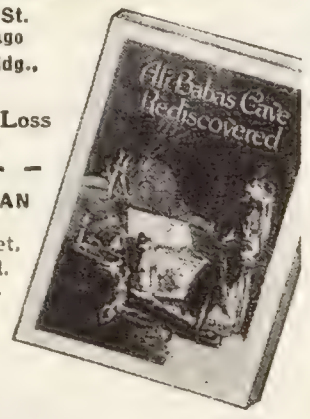

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

ready for the typist would be to compile a cook book and write a commercial geography. What did the queen eat?

Mostly meat, of which she undoubtedly had a variety hardly available to a modern millionaire, at all seasons, because of the abundance of game. Either for breakfast or banquet there were likely to appear on the table seven or eight kinds of meat, including mutton, pig, roast ox, kid, veal, venison, and other game with fresh and pickled fish. Dairy products and their vitamins, which are becoming such an important part of modern diet, were then considered only fit for the poor, and poultry, except capon, was in the same class. The modern dietary drift away from white bread is in a way a reaction toward Tudor conditions, when grain was coarsely ground. Jellies and preserves were a big item, forerunners of Britain's jam and marmalade today. Vegetables were practically limited to carrots, cabbage, beans, peas, and onions. Citrus fruits, so important now, had no place on the table. There was no tea or coffee. Ale, beer, and wine, of course, flowed freely for queens, but not for commoners, as the wines were imported and grain too scarce for unlimited brewing.

Elizabeth was one of the best educated women of her time, and, considering her opportunities, of any time; but there was available to her only a tiny fraction of the knowledge of the world, science or history to be found in an eighth grade course today. Aside from the Greek and Latin classics, her cultural range was very limited indeed, although great discoveries in geography and science and great triumphs in art featured her period and were a part of her life.

ALL that she might know and all that has been discovered and wrought since are available to Mary and any other modern girl in the measure in which she cares to avail herself of it. The state makes provision for her free education practically from primer to Ph.D., and she can make use of night schools and extension courses while she earns her living.

The movie houses, as splendid as any Tudor palace, serve her history spiced with romance. For two cents she can buy a paper every day that will tell her more about foreign affairs than the queen could learn in months from all her diplomatic corps and her gallant buccaneers who were roaming the new worlds just opened to Europeans. Museums, libraries, and art galleries beckon Mary. Opera, lectures, and uplift pursue her. About the only form of entertainment, cultural or merely recreational, in which the queen had a wider choice, was in Elizabethan drama, but Mary can see many of them and read them all.

Elizabeth, it is true, could witness bear baiting and cock fighting, but in many cities the fight clubs are now open to girls and the game is much faster than of yore. Modern archery, however, is a poor thing compared to its Elizabethan prototype. Football was played over wide stretches of countryside, whole towns participating, but women were not interested in it in Elizabeth's day.

THE queen played tennis. Nearly every American girl can find a court open to her in the suburbs or through the Y. W. C. A., with gymnasium, swimming pool, and basketball.

The queen was an ardent horsewoman and liked to hunt. As a rule these sports are beyond the reach of the girl who pounds a keyboard, but whether it's more fun to stalk deer through great parks or to be whizzed through them in your sweetie's cute little coupé, bought on installments, is a matter of opinion.

SARTORIAL COMIQUES!

A theatrical manager who never wears a hat. A man in five overcoats. A clubman who has fifty silk house robes, and nothing else. Haberdashery that defies the spectrum; shirtings and vests that fairly scream.

O. O. McIntyre finds New York the haven for the queerly garbed male. He has been observing them along Fifth Avenue where, nowadays, nothing is too bizarre to get by. In next week's Liberty he describes the fantastic parade, and NAMES the paraders. You'll be surprised at the kind of clothes some famous men like. Watch for

What the Oddly Dressed Man Is Wearing

In getting to her work or play Mary certainly has the edge. For a few cents she can ride miles while the queen was covering a few yards. For Mary, subway, elevated, trolleys, busses, and at a pinch, the taxi await.

She alights from them on paved streets. On the roughest day, galoshes are all that are needed to keep her feet dry and warm.

To reach her jolting springless coach the queen had to stumble along in her "chopines," with cork soles seven inches thick. Unless Sir Walter Raleigh happened to be present, the royal feet must crunch through masses of garbage, which was emptied into the streets and fed the herds of hogs which squealed and fought in city street and rural highway. In cold weather the floor of the queen's gilded coach was covered with straw, as in the horse and cable cars of a past American generation.

Whenever it was possible to avoid the jolts of a land journey, Queen Elizabeth used the royal barge on the Thames, another highly gilded contraption, rowed by sturdy lieges.

Comparisons of the life of queen and typist boil down to a contrast of a civilization based on mechanical power geared to machinery and a life conditioned by hand labor.

The queen's luxuries were only possible because of practically unlimited servant power, but that imposed severe handicaps upon her.

It was impossible to support the hordes of servants in a manner at all in keeping with that of their mistress. For all except a few favored domestics employed about the bed chamber, it was a hard life and this reacted upon the queen.

It was no infrequent thing for royal or noble houses to be overrun with vermin, as a result of crowding so many serving folk together under insanitary conditions. There were no germicides and no insect powders.

As a result, kings, queens, and earls were great movers, changing houses like modern flat dwellers driven by rising rents. Drastic cleanups and removals of servants to more remote sleeping quarters also were tried.

The end of a Tudor day might be a stately dance, such as Mary has seen on the screen, with about as much fun in looking at it as in being in it; a banquet with liquid trimmings, the antics of jugglers, and the quips of court fools; or perhaps a visit, incog. and masked, to a playhouse, in which royalty must sit upon a hard bench in a close booth, like those in the old time cowtown dance halls or burlesque theaters, which are sometimes pictured on the screen.

Mary may wind up her day with an evening's wrestle with the cross-word puzzle or a session with her crystal set, constructed at a cost of $9.45, which enables her to listen in on speech, jest, and song probably as varied and interesting as the usual evening chatter at the Tudor court.

But for a real finish—she slips into her little dance frock, hops into Charlie's waiting taxi, and in a few minutes is floating away on a moaning, groaning sea of saxophones, dashing through the sharp surf of crashing cymbals and castanets, and then fox trotting across the glassy floor as the jazz boys step on the gas.

THE END

Frock with Overblouse a Palm Beach Essential

by Corinne Lowe

A series of narrow bias bands of self-material and a border of petal-like pieces each of which is outlined with velvet—these features make the dance frock from Agnes (at right) more than a mere crêpe. The tint chosen is maroon.

A deep shoulder cape draws immediate attention to a sleeveless coat of white broadcloth lined in black satin. Adjacent is the separate skirt with box plaits massed in front, which has scored a success both here and abroad.

WHEN Chanel, the wonderful French dressmaker who designs clothes for so many of the world's butterflies, created this last year the two-piece sports frock she did more than design a model. She started a cult, the followers of which spread from South America to Scandinavia. Nowadays you have to believe in the two-piece frock or you won't succeed in any serious sports wear undertaking.

In assembling a wardrobe for Palm Beach no one can afford to overlook the frock with an overblouse. It is the favored type of sports wear in both knitted and crêpe models, and its influence has extended to the blouse chosen for the separate skirt. Originally Chanel created her mode with a chemisier panel extending down the front, but the designers have sought out many inventions. Numerous interpretations of sleeves and neckline and front closing dispel the monotony of that youthful jumper with its snugly fitted hipband.

One of the most popular models of the season is that which we show in the lower left hand panel. This model, with the wide box plaits in front, is of beige kasha and it is combined with a sweater of jersey cloth in any of the pastel tints. This is an imported sweater, and it comes with high European recommendation.

For the past seasons all-white costumes have been the rule at Palm Beach rather than the exception. Among all the numerous prints and running through our passion for vivid color the white costume — it may, perhaps, be trimmed with black—still reigns.

In line with this thought we show at the lower right a delightful little model of white crêpe. In contrast to many crêpe models, which retain some version of the plait, this frock has adopted the newer policy of a front panel arrangement. Such panel arrangements, either plain or filled in with ruffles, are one of the most insistent notes in our mid-season fashions.

Your ensemble may select either cape or coat for its ally, for it will be remembered that the cape is very much in the foreground. So, too, is the coat with the cape attached, a mode illustrated at the left of the lower panel.

The vogue of front panel effects is expressed here in white crêpe with a series of ruffles filling in the panel.

Indoor Garments for the Well-Ordered Housewife

By
PATRICIA

THE woman who strives for beauty and becomingness in her house garments unconsciously develops a keener style sense which will enable her to create more satisfying results when it comes to making her better clothes.

Gingham blocked in white and meadow green combines with plain gingham of the same green tone to make the attractive two-material dress shown in No. 1943. Cretonne combined with muslin is another pleasing possibility.

The indoor frock pattern is cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, 2 yards of 36-inch goods with 1¾ yards of 36-inch contrasting are required.

You'll like the apron shown in No. 1942, for it is made like the two other aprons illustrated, with nonslipping shoulder straps. Every woman who has ever worn an apron with slipping shoulder straps will know what this means. Unbleached muslin trimmed with rick-rack braid and appliqué motifs done in red and green would prove most attractive. The pattern is cut in sizes 36, 40, 44, and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material with 6½ yards of trimming. The appliqué motifs are included with many others in our hot-iron transfer pattern No. 700, which comes in blue only and costs fifteen cents extra.

The woman who entertains and the young girl who can boast of her fudge-making genius, will like an apron made after pattern No. 2205, which comes in small, medium, and large sizes, for, while it protects, it also enhances one's attractiveness. It will be nice to offer a helping guest so that she may not spoil her frock.

Cretonne, printed percale, dotted Swiss and sateen are suggested for this apron, which takes 2¾ yards of 36 or 40-inch material in the medium size.

"Not-a-Seam" apron is shown in pattern No. 1655. After the material has been cut from this pattern, which comes in only one size, it looks like the diagram shown below the sketch. There's not a seam to the entire garment—you've only to sew braid or wash binding around the edges and it's finished!

This is a pattern you'll continually be finding use for. If you have it on hand, whenever you see a pretty material inexpensively priced, you will know just how much you'll need. It takes 2¾ yards of 27-inch material.

The flower border is included in our hot-iron transfer pattern No. 712, which comes in blue and yellow and costs fifteen cents extra.

Checked or plaid gingham, a flowered cotton or plain muslin can be used for the one-piece morning dress shown in design No. 2082. The accompanying diagram shows how simply it is cut. The pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material with 4 yards of trimming.

The simulated monogram motif is included in our hot-iron transfer pattern No. 706, which costs fifteen cents extra.

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BEHIND the SCENES at the White House

If You Could Talk to the President, You'd Welcome the Chance, Wouldn't You? Well, Here's an Introduction to the Coolidges at Their Home

By Winifred Mallon

PART I. OF A SERIES

The author, Winifred Mallon, noted Washington correspondent, has made it her business to know the things not generally known about the leaders of the Washington political game. She has been in the national capital as correspondent for twenty-two years, is now secretary of the Women's Press Club, and is a friend of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge.

"MY DEAR, she's charming. Adorable, really. The most engaging young creature. But you shall see for yourself. Once you have met her you will be as keen about her as I am—as we all are."

The speaker was a social veteran of twenty Washington seasons. But she might as easily have been any hostess in good and regular standing speaking to any guest from out of town.

For here in Washington everybody is rejoicing that Mrs. Coolidge is to continue with us as First Lady for the next four years. High and low, in and out of official, diplomatic, or resident social circle, the oldest inhabitant or the newest Congressman's wife, the photographers who dog her footsteps, the clerks in the shops who serve her and pridefully tell you of it afterward; Republicans, Democrats, friends and enemies alike of President Coolidge—all are enthusiastic and unanimous on the subject of the President's wife.

And that, in Washington, means a great deal. Out in the great open spaces you elect Presidents, and, incidentally, their wives. But here in Washington we live with them.

Socially speaking, Washington is a bit hard boiled. Not easily are the people of the capital city moved to enthusiasm, from local society leaders down to and including the policemen on the street corners. Washington sees administrations come and go, and takes even its Presidents calmly. Its attitude toward official leaders cast up by recurring presidential elections to positions of sometimes very temporary prominence is apt to be somewhat critical. It has even been accused of being snobbish. But Washington is, and for almost four years has been, enthusiastic about Mrs. Calvin Coolidge.

Yes, the President CAN smile! An unusual photograph of the usually serious chief executive in a moment of real relaxation from the cares of his high office. © National Photo.

"But of course I shall like it," Mrs. Coolidge said on her first official day in the capital—the day before the inauguration of the Harding-Coolidge administration. It was her first encounter with the series of questions asked of every prominent member of an incoming administration:

A new portrait of the first lady of the land, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge. © Harris & Ewing.

"Do you think you will like Washington? Are you fond of society? Do you enjoy official entertaining?"

"Of course I shall like it," Mrs. Coolidge repeated. Then, with the disarming sincerity and the friendly cordiality which is her greatest social asset, "It has not been my pleasure to entertain a great deal in the past. We could not afford it. But I am sure I shall enjoy it very much."

Frank and engaging—eagerly interested in everything and everybody—youthfully slender, with abundant dark hair waved closely about her beautifully shaped head, big gray eyes that light up with interest as she talks, and a vividly expressive face, Mrs. Coolidge, gay and gracious, and enjoying every moment of every day, has brought a new spirit into official life in Washington.

No débutante was ever less world weary or blasé. It is doubtful if Mrs. Coolidge has ever known what it is to be bored.

Not even in her college days was she more radiantly alive and ready for whatever might be coming next than Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, wife of the President of the United States. And at the University of Vermont, which she entered in 1898, Grace Goodhue was one of the most versatile, active, and influential members of her class.

COMPARATIVELY little of her more intimate personal history was known to the public when Mrs. Coolidge came to Washington. Everybody knew she had been a teacher in the Clark Deaf and Dumb School in Northampton, Massachusetts. But not many people know, even now, that in her freshman year

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I Paid $5.00

To obtain powders like these

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I long paid $5.00 per box for my face powder. So do most beauties in the movies and on the stage. We have them made to order, by the greatest of experts, and no price is too high to pay.

I have for 40 years consulted the leading powder experts. I have obtained their best, regardless of the cost. So many of my friends have for decades ordered their powders through me.

When I offered my beauty helps to women, they overwhelmed me with requests for powder. They wanted to use what I use. But I could not offer them this powder at the price I paid.

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My Rosy Bloom

Comes largely from a super-cream

By Edna Wallace Hopper

My marvelous complexion is the chief item in my beauty and in my perennial youth.

It is largely due to a cream which combines a dozen important factors. To an exquisite cream they have added products of both lemon and strawberry. Then all the best modern science knows to feed and foster, to soften and protect the skin.

I used to apply these helps separately, but now they combine them in one. I call it my Youth Cream. It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. Both contain all the essential constituents. I use the cold cream as a night cream, the vanishing as a day cream. Never is my skin without them.

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Youth Cream Free

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536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago 850-L

I want to try Youth Cream.

_____

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

at the university she became one of the founders of the Vermont Beta Chapter of Pi Beta Phi, which sorority recently presented to the White House a portrait of its most distinguished member—nor do they know that she was elected vice president of her class in her sophomore year—was a member of the sophomore "hop" committee—played *Don Juan* when Much Ado About Nothing was put on by the women's department that year, and *Sir Toby Belch* in Twelfth Night in her senior year. Besides all this she served as president of the glee club, was on various class and college committees, and kept up with *Le Cercle Français*, as the French club of which she was for two years a member was then called.

SHE did not remain very long in the teaching profession. On October 4, 1905, she married Calvin Coolidge of Plymouth, Vermont, who went up for the wedding from Northampton, Massachusetts, where he was beginning to be favorably known as a lawyer. The marriage took place in Burlington, Vermont.

At the wedding reception one of the guests is reported to have asked another:

"Who's that reddish-haired fellow standing over there by himself?"

"Why, that's the bridegroom."

"Oh! I thought it was one of the mutes."

Even now, on any social occasion, Mrs. Coolidge is apt to be the center of an eager, interested group, with the President standing near by and a bit aloof, contenting himself with watching with quiet but very evident pride and affection his lovely and popular wife.

Mr. Coolidge, however, according to those who know him best, has developed wonderfully since coming to Washington.

"He could never," his wife admitted in the days of his Vice Presidency, "be described as a social being, but he really does enjoy going about here in Washington. There are so many interesting people, not only from every part of the United States, but from all parts of the world, coming and going here constantly. And the breadth and range of conversation at the most casual social gathering is unusual and always interesting. I find him much more ready to go about and to meet people than ever before."

A friend of many years standing, who dined at the White House last winter, came away amazed but rejoicing at what he described as the "astonishing change in Cal."

"I attended a dinner at which he was guest of honor not so many years ago," he said, "and the man cast a positive chill over the entire evening. Tonight, he was a changed being. He has mellowed, thawed out completely. He was genial, companionable, an excellent host. The dinner and the conversation in the library brought back the days of the Roosevelt administration. It was a delightful evening throughout. Mrs. Coolidge hasn't changed in the least—she was always charming and blessed with the true social gift of hospitality and personal charm. But the President is another man."

The two most widespread convictions concerning Mr. Coolidge—that he couldn't talk and never smiled—have been pretty well dissipated since he entered the White House.

As Vice President his dual task was to preside over the Senate, at which he was not a conspicuous success, and to attend dinner parties. At these he was a total loss, from the point of view of nine out of every ten of his dinner partners, having no small talk whatever with which to keep the conversational ball rolling.

As President of the United States, however, he has demonstrated an entire ability to express himself, briefly, but completely and unmistakably, on any subject concerning which he is willing to talk at all, without qualification or evasion, and in language unhurried but fluent, and so exactly expressive of his meaning that every word counts.

TO the reporters who gather twice a week for the White House press conferences, Mr. Coolidge, as President, is a joy forever. He is also a revelation, and the stunned amazement of the crowd was not exaggerated by the scribe who emerged wild-eyed from the executive office, clutching his notes on that first "interview."

"Taciturn!" he ejaculated. "Whoever started the rumor that man was taciturn? My God! I've never had to work so fast to keep up with any of the others!"

And Mr. Coolidge can smile. For the most part his is a dry humor which manifests itself in a flashing twinkle of the eyes, or a quiver at the corners of the mouth as he says, soberly, something that starts a chuckle of appreciation or a gale of laughter around the circle. But sometimes, not too frequently, but when occasion demands it, the President can smile; wholeheartedly, consumingly, his face breaking into a silent laugh of complete and gleeful enjoyment as contagious as it is human and delightful.

Calvin Jr., whose tragic death cast gloom over the country, was like his father in that respect, a glint of humor behind his apparent solemnity. John, who is now at Amherst, seems to take life seriously.

Neither John nor Calvin Jr. ever spent much time in Washington

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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474A Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

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Name .....

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Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

and both between visits put on weight and inches, especially inches, that served effectually to mystify those who sought to identify in the two tall, broad-shouldered lads the little boys in knickers and Norfolk jackets who looked solemnly down from the Senate gallery, March 4, 1921, to see their father take the oath of office as Vice President of the United States.

Mrs. Coolidge came to Washington fully expecting to take a house and put her boys in the public schools for the period of their residence in the capital, but she quickly discovered, as former Vice President Marshall and Mrs. Marshall had done before her, that no such program could be carried out on the Vice President's salary of twelve thousand dollars a year, for which sum an appropriate house could perhaps be rented in the Washington of today, but with little or nothing left over for upkeep, food, or clothing.

Being nothing if not adaptable, Mrs. Coolidge promptly readjusted her plans, and took over the suite at the Willa[illegible]otel formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Ma[illegible]all. She did this all the more readily as it speedily became apparent to her that Washington would afford but a sketchy home life for the boys, in which they would be lucky to average one full evening a month with their father and mother. For the whole duty of a Vice President, outside of presiding over the Senate, is to represent socially the President, who entertains but is never entertained except by members of his official family.

ONCE every winter each of the ten members of the Cabinet, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Vice President (who is President of the Senate, or the President *pro tempore*, when, as at present, there is no Vice President) have the honor of entertaining the President at dinner. The dates for these dinners are fixed by the President, and his hosts must submit the list of guests for his approval before issuing the invitations.

It is in pursuance of a rule based on experience that the President and his wife, except on these occasions, dine at home. It would be neither possible nor expedient for them to accept all or a fraction of the invitations which would be showered upon them should any departure be made from the now established custom.

The White House social program, and the dates for the twelve dinners to be given in honor of the President and the First Lady, are announced early in the season for the convenience of society in general so that other dinners and entertainments may be arranged without conflicting with prior engagements of prospective guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge were exempt, under the social code of the capital, from the necessity of entertaining anyone except the President. But it was their duty to appear everywhere, and throughout the season they were guests of honor at dinners, the leading social activity of Washington, with unfailing regularity, while Mrs. Coolidge was the sought for guest of honor at teas, luncheons, musicals, and every form of social gathering.

The boys, therefore, after witnessing the inauguration of President Harding, were sent home with their Grandfather Coolidge, who had brought them to Washington for the ceremony. They finished the school term and spent their summer vacation at home. The next year they were entered at Mercersburg Academy, Pennsylvania, to prepare for Amherst, their father's alma mater. Mercersburg was near enough to Washington to permit Mrs. Coolidge to slip away occasionally for a visit with them while they, in turn, spent their Christmas and Easter vacations in Washington.

The same schedule was maintained after the President and Mrs. Coolidge entered the White House. John spent his vacation summer before last in military training at Camp Devens, and Calvin Jr. the greater part of his vacation in working on a farm in the Connecticut Valley of Massachusetts. Both boys visited their grandmother, Mrs. Goodhue (now living in the Coolidge home at Northampton), and their Grandfather Coolidge, in Vermont, before returning to school. Neither of them went to Washington when their father succeeded to the Presidency on the death of President Harding. Calvin Jr. even refused to give up his job. He had taken it under contract, which he refused to break. To his employer, who visited him in the field to exclaim with some excitement, "So your father is President of the United States, now," the boy replied simply and with the utmost calmness:

"Yes, sir. I suppose he is. What do you want me to tackle today?"

The quaint custom of hanging May baskets on May Day brought these three youngsters to the back door of the White House, where they encountered the mistress herself. © National Photo.

"Private" John Coolidge, son of the President, who underwent a period of intense training at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, during the summer and fall of 1923, preliminary to his admittance to the Officers' Reserve Corps. P. & A. Photo.

Last summer both boys went to the White House to stay a few weeks there before leaving for the training camp at Camp Devens. Calvin had planned to go to that camp with John, and both were to spend the remainder of the summer, as usual, on their grandfather's farm. Then came the ill-fated tennis game on the White House courts, in which a blister was raised on the foot of Calvin Jr. The injury was so slight that he never referred to it until the development of a fever, two days later, led to an examination by Dr. Joel Boone, the White House physician, who detected the first symptoms of the blood poisoning which led to the boy's death in Walter Reed Hospital within a week.

In the lives of the Coolidge boys the assumption by their father of the Presidency made little change. They had no part in Washington's official life, and their home life was as protected and as free from publicity as their father and mother could keep it.

The President and Mrs. Coolidge bore the shock of their son's death with characteristic fortitude. Simple and beautiful ceremonies in the White House, at Northampton, Massachusetts—Calvin's birthplace—and at Plymouth, Vermont, marked the burial in the New England hills, the home of the Coolidges for generations.

The tragic break in the home circle is the first great change in the Coolidge family. The removal to the White House meant new and almost appalling responsibilities, but did not greatly alter the tenor of the Coolidges' lives. On the surface the White House routine is still undisturbed, but in the hearts of the President and Mrs. Coolidge is an aching sense of loss, which endures as they go bravely on with the business of living.

Being the wife of the President of the United States is a supreme honor, but such a position entails some restrictions and tends to infringe upon privacy. The situation is explained in the second of this series of articles, to appear in an early issue, entitled What Mrs. Coolidge Does with Her Days.

ALL'S SQUARE WITH THIS TRIANGLE

Captions by Alva Taylor

MERTON OF THE MOVIES is what they call Glenn Hunter ever since he made his sensational success in the play and movie of that name. Hunter has attained his greatest histrionic heights to date in the portrayal of wistful youth.

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE has been heard of before, but in this case it's all in the day's work. Lovely Mary Astor was once the leading lady of Mr. Glenn Hunter, when both were working for the Film Guild. A shift in companies, and now she is playing the lead opposite Reginald Denny in Universal's charming picture, Oh, Doctor! Reginald Denny (right), the two-fisted battler of the Leather Pusher series, has developed into a fine young comedian and is getting to be one of Universal's trump cards.

A Motion Picture Review

By ALVA TAYLOR

The West Point summer camp dance affords opportunity for things more amorous than military for Duncan Irving Jr. (Richard Barthelmess).

CLASSMATES

Directed by John S. Robertson.
Produced by Inspiration Pictures, Inc.
A First National Picture.

CAST:

Duncan Irving Jr.....Richard Barthelmess
Bert Stafford.....Reginald Sheffield
Bobby Dumble.....Beach Cooke
Silent Clay.....James Bradbury Jr.
Captain Lane.....
Major Henry B. Lewis, Adjutant at West Point
Sylvia Randolph.....Madge Evans
Mrs. Stafford.....Charlotte Walker
Duncan Irving Sr.....Claude Brooks
Jones, a West Pointer.....Antrim Short
Ambushda, leader of guides.....Richard Harlan

ONLY Richard Barthelmess could rise above a Rover Boy type of story such as Classmates. This picture might just as well have been called The Rover Boys in South America, or perhaps even better, Frank Merriwell at West Point.

Richard Barthelmess is a splendid actor, but Classmates is not a splendid picture. Yet just why it does not come up to the mark is not an easy thing to explain. For there is so much that is good about it. There is Richard Barthelmess, and there is excellent photography. Individual scenes are interesting. But the whole thing does not hang together and leave one with the impression that one has seen one of the best pictures of the year, which a Barthelmess picture should.

In this film you watch the trials and tribulations of a group of people for some various and sundry reels, and when it is all over you ask, "What of it?" And if you agree with us you will ask another question, which is, "Why don't they give Richard Barthelmess a good story for a change?"

Classmates has a rather improbable plot, with the setting half at West Point and the other half in the great closed spaces of the South American jungle. The classmates promised in the title are three first-year cadets at West Point. Richard Barthelmess is Duncan Irving, one of the three.

His leading lady this time is Madge Evans, who plays the part of Sylvia Randolph. She, like all good heroines, is loved by more than one man, one good and the other villainous. The villain in the case is a plebe (member of the lowest class) at West Point, Bert Stafford. He gets the story under way by insulting Irving's father and thus forcing Irving to strike him. Pretending to be blinded by the blow, Stafford is responsible for Irving's dismissal from West Point.

When Irving has gone away a subtitle informs us that Stafford, previously pronounced physically unfit, finds it convenient to recover his eyesight. We find ourselves feeling a bit skeptical as to whether anyone who is knocked nearly senseless by the impact of a good healthy blow would think quickly enough and be far-sighted enough to play blind man so that he could work upon the sympathies of the girl.

With her promise to marry him the villain departs upon an engineering expedition to South America, and proceeds to get himself lost. Our hero is now entirely out of favor with Sylvia. She thinks him responsible for the protracted absence of her fiancé from the family hearth. Irving decides to go to South America in search of the wandering villain, so that with his own lips the latter can tell the girl what a blackguard he is.

His two classmates insist upon going along on this little jaunt into the inner regions of the Amazonian jungle. And then the trouble begins, all of which might have been spared had Irving not been so proud, and been willing to let the large group of witnesses to the fray between Stafford and him tell the girl the truth about the affair.

However, had Irving done so there would have been no South American scenes, which make up half of the picture, and give Richard Barthelmess a chance to wear a beard, look rough, and give vent to some good acting.

The West Point scenes should be interesting to anyone who knows nothing about this military academy. The scenes were all taken on the spot, with every opportunity given the producers of the picture to put the real West Point upon the screen.

You will be amused by the little game the second-year men have with the plebes, when they make them play bullfrogs in their pajamas. "The world is a big frog pond, and you are all frogs in it. Now croak," the second-year men order. And the plebes croak.

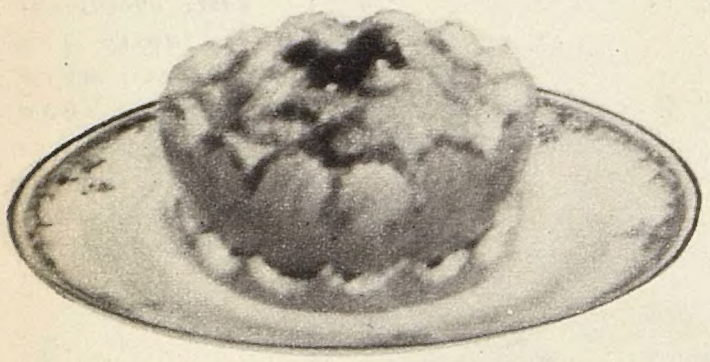
NEXT WEEK — *A Sainted Devil*
With Rudolph Valentino — A Paramount Picture

A Good Breakfast Starts *the* Day Right

A Few Timely Suggestions for Breads, Cereals, and Egg Dishes

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.



Always welcome—half a grapefruit.

BREAKFAST is an important item in the building up of a successful day. A good breakfast will send us with vigor to our daily task. Too scanty a breakfast means that our energy will "peter out" before noon. Too hearty a breakfast may mean that our minds will be dulled. An indiscreet breakfast may mean the loss of a precious morning. Breakfasts may be classed as follows:

Very light breakfast, consisting of fruit, bread, and beverage (for those who are reducing).

Light breakfast, consisting of fruit, bread, cereal, and beverage (for the average sedentary worker).

Medium breakfast, consisting of fruit, bread, cereal, a hot dish, and beverage (for the muscularly active).

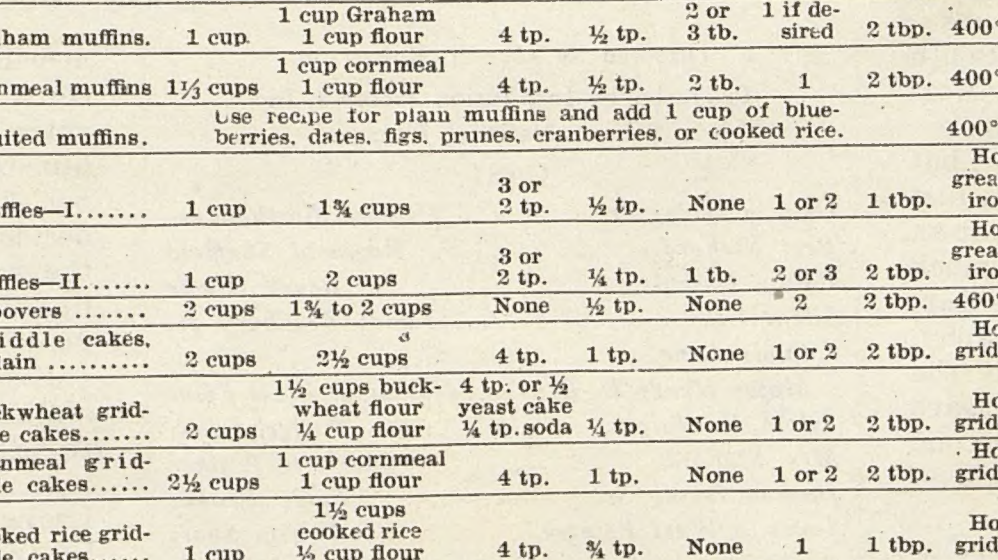
Hearty breakfast, consisting of fruit, bread, cereal, two hot dishes, and beverage (for the out-of-door worker).

Not all the items on the breakfast menu furnish nutriment. For instance, coffee supplies only such nutriment as we may add in the way of cream and sugar. In moderation, perhaps, coffee drinking does not harm the adult, though more than a safe dose of caffeine can be taken daily, via the coffee-drinking practice. This is especially true if, in the preparation, the coffee is allowed to stand in contact with the grounds for any longer than three minutes. An adequate breakfast must usually have more than just coffee and toast. But a delicious aroma of the coffee may serve as a stimulant to prepare us for the more wholesome breakfast foods such as cereals, fruits, and milk. Our appetites for breakfast must, in general, be whetted. Too frequently we shun the plain breakfast only to find ourselves sacrificing real bodily welfare to the urge of the palate at some subsequent meal. A nice breakfast service is worth while. Food cannot be served too attractively in the morning. At least, here lies an opportunity not to be slighted.

An old favorite—wheat cakes and maple sirup.

THE muffin method of mixing is used for all of the recipes given in the table herewith. Mix and sift all of the dry ingredients. Combine all the liquids—the melted fat, beaten egg, and the milk. Slowly pour these into the dry ingredients, mixing lightly by stroking the spoon back and forth rather than with a stirring motion. Beating or vigorous stirring will produce an undesirable product which will be peaked, tunneled, and tough. A good muffin has a fine texture, is flat on top, and has a rather rough crust. When the liquid has all been added and lightly mixed in, do not attempt to stir or beat out the lumps but place, as is, in buttered tins. Bake in not too hot an oven, 400° F., for twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Griddle cakes, waffles, and popovers, however, should be beaten until smooth. They contain more liquid in proportion to flour and, therefore, may be beaten smooth.



Muffins of fine texture and with well-browned rough crust on top.

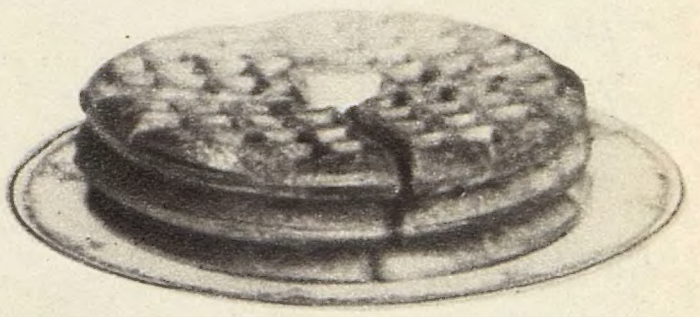
Breakfast Breads

USE STANDARD CUPS AND SPOONS AND MEASURE ABSOLUTELY LEVEL.

Tp.= teaspoonful; tb. or tbp.= tablespoonful.

Kind	Milk	Flour	Baking Powder	Salt	Sugar	Egg	Fat	Oven Temp.
Plain muffins...	1 cup	2 cups	4 tp.	½ tp.	1 tb.	1	1 tbp.	400° F.
Sweet muffins...	1 cup	2 cups	4 tp.	½ tp.	2 tb.	1	2 tbp.	400° F.
Delicate muffins.	¾ cup	2 cups	4 tp.	None if salted fat is used	¼ cup	1	¼ cup	400° F.
Bran muffins....	1 cup	1 cup flour 1 cup bran	4 tp.	½ tp.	2 or 3 tb.	None	2 tbp.	400° F.
Graham muffins.	1 cup	1 cup Graham 1 cup flour	4 tp.	½ tp.	2 or 3 tb.	1 if desired	2 tbp.	400° F.
Cornmeal muffins	1⅓ cups	1 cup cornmeal 1 cup flour	4 tp.	½ tp.	2 tb.	1	2 tbp.	400° F.
Fruited muffins.	Use recipe for plain muffins and add 1 cup of blueberries, dates, figs, prunes, cranberries, or cooked rice.							400° F.
Waffles—I.....	1 cup	1¾ cups	3 or 2 tp.	½ tp.	None	1 or 2	1 tbp.	Hot greased iron
Waffles—II.....	1 cup	2 cups	3 or 2 tp.	¼ tp.	1 tb.	2 or 3	2 tbp.	Hot greased iron
Popovers	2 cups	1¾ to 2 cups	None	½ tp.	None	2	2 tbp.	460° F.
Griddle cakes, plain	2 cups	2½ cups	4 tp.	1 tp.	None	1 or 2	2 tbp.	Hot griddle
Buckwheat griddle cakes.....	2 cups	1½ cups buckwheat flour ¼ cup flour	4 tp. or ½ yeast cake ¼ tp. soda	¼ tp.	None	1 or 2	2 tbp.	Hot griddle
Cornmeal griddle cakes.....	2½ cups	1 cup cornmeal 1 cup flour	4 tp.	1 tp.	None	1 or 2	2 tbp.	Hot griddle
Cooked rice griddle cakes.....	1 cup	1½ cups cooked rice ½ cup flour	4 tp.	¾ tp.	None	1	1 tbp.	Hot griddle

If the dry ingredients are well sifted and the mixing is done lightly, use three teaspoons baking powder in place of four. Skill in manipulation is better than excessive baking powder.



Delicately browned waffles.

Plain Omelet

6 eggs
⅜ cup milk or water or tomato juice
1 tablespoon butter
⅓ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

SEPARATE the yolks and whites of the eggs. Beat the yolks until thick and creamy. Add the seasonings and milk. Beat the whites until stiff. Cut and fold these into the egg yolk mixture, using a knife or wire egg whisk. Mixing displaces some of the air which was beaten into the eggs to make the omelet foamy; therefore, mix and stir as little as possible. Place the fat in an omelet pan and heat just short of the smoking temperature. Turn the omelet into the pan and reduce the flame. Cover and cook *slowly*, turning the pan occasionally in order to brown the omelet evenly. When the egg has set and is delicately browned underneath, place it in a hot oven for a few minutes to dry the top. Fold by inserting a spatula or flexible knife under the omelet at the handle of the pan, and using the handle as a fulcrum lift one-half of the omelet up. Fold over on to the other half. Serve on a hot platter at once.

Goldenrod Eggs

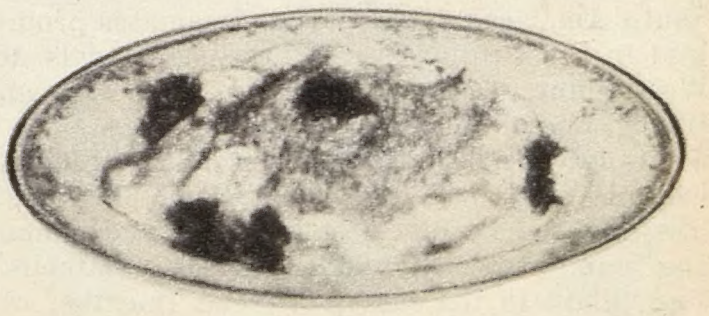
4 hard-cooked eggs
6 pieces of toast
1½ tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¾ teaspoon salt
1½ cups milk
Parsley

MELT the fat and remove from the fire. Add the flour and seasonings and mix well. Slowly stir in the milk. Stir and boil five to ten minutes. Add the chopped egg whites. Serve over toast and garnish with the yolks rubbed through a sieve, and parsley. Serve hot.

White Sauce Omelet

4 eggs
2 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup milk
2 teaspoons butter

MELT the fat and remove from the fire. Add the flour and seasonings and mix well. Slowly stir in the milk. Stir and cook five to ten minutes and cool. Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs. Beat each until light. Stir the yolks into the cooled sauce. Fold in the whites carefully. Cook and serve as for plain omelet.



Goldenrod eggs ready to serve.

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